This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

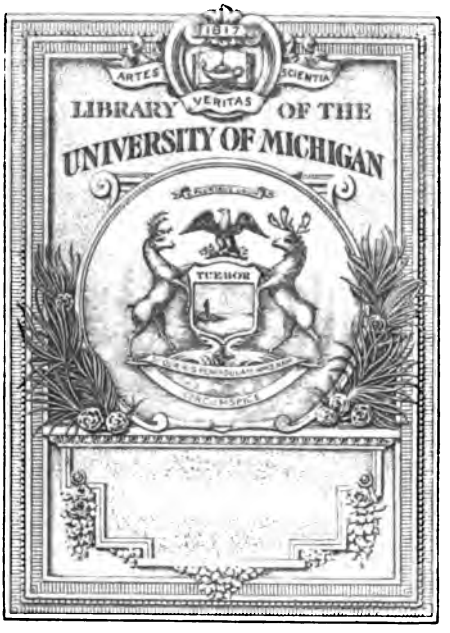
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 430229


1817
ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR

828
T483
G47

LIBRARY EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS,

In Demy 8vo, Pica Type, Extra Cloth Boards.

EDITED BY REV. G. GILFILLAN.

Now ready, Vols. 1 & 2. Milton's Poetical Works.
„ „ 3. Thomson's Poetical Works.
And on 1st Oct. will be published Herbert's Poetical Works.
„ 1st Dec. „ Young's Night Thoughts.
„ 1st Feb. 1854, „ { The Poetical Works of Goldsmith, Collins, and T. Warton.

FORMING THE YEARLY ISSUE TO SUBSCRIBERS OF SIX VOLUMES FOR ONE GUINEA.

Prospectuses containing full details of the Scheme may be obtained from most Booksellers, or from the Publisher, on application. Non-Subscribers can obtain the Volumes separately at 4s. 6d. each.

Subscribers' Names received by all Booksellers for the Yearly Issue of Six Vols. for £1, 1s.

The Publisher has pleasure in submitting the following Extracts from Notices which have appeared of the Vols. already issued.

LEEDS INTELLIGENCER.

It is a noble and handsome volume, and is published, by subscription, at a remarkably low price. The whole series will form a national poetical library of great beauty and worth.

PLYMOUTH JOURNAL.

We are presented with an "estimate" of the genius of Milton, at once concise and comprehensive, clear, vigorous, and just. Did Mr Gilfillan's fame rest upon this essay alone, it would unquestionably entitle him to a place amongst our best critics.

EDINBURGH ADVERTISER.

When we say, in conclusion, that six of these volumes are to be delivered to the subscribers every year for no higher price than one guinea, we think we have said more of this work than could be said of any other with which we are acquainted.

BATH CHRONICLE.

The work deserves a place in every library; and, in saying this, we speak not of the text, but of the fine taste with which it is edited, and the beauty of the edition.

PEEBLES-SHIRE ADVERTISER.

We hail this edition as likely to supply a long-felt desideratum. The well-known literary abilities of the editor are sufficient guarantee for the accuracy and care with which the volumes will be produced. . . . . In fine, we recommend all who are anxious to possess a good library edition of the Poets, to subscribe for this edition, as at once elegant and remarkably cheap.

BATH AND CHELTENHAM GAZETTE.

The "Life" is elegantly and carefully written. . . . . We quite agree with the opinion quoted in the prospectus, that the undertaking is "distinguished by novelty and largeness of design, and by liberality of terms," and therefore needs but publicity to insure success.

FIFE HERALD.

This is the beginning of an enterprise to give a complete, uniform, and splendid, yet low-priced, edition of our English poets. . . . . The first volume has appeared; and certainly both publisher and editor have done their respective parts admirably.

WARWICK ADVERTISER.

The two volumes before us are the first issue of the series; and from their combined elegance and cheapness, together with the editorial care bestowed upon the text, they certainly justify the publisher in anticipating a sale of no ordinary magnitude.

ABERDEEN JOURNAL.

The life of Milton in the present volume is a vigorously-written narrative, mixed with short critical digressions and literary illustrations, that make it very pleasant and instructive reading.

BATH HERALD.

This work is the commencement of an undertaking which, for novelty and liberality of design, is perhaps unprecedented in the annals of literary enterprise.

PERTHSHIRE COURIER.

We never lifted our pen to recommend any publication with more pleasure than this reprint of the British poets. . . . . We hope to hear that all ages, as well as every class of society, will appreciate a publication which we again say we have much pleasure in commending to all, as we are sure we can do so with much safety.

NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE.

The Publisher will have the honour, if the project is successfully consummated in the style in which it has been began, of having published decidedly the best of all the series it is now the fashion to call "Libraries."

SCOTTISH PRESS.

Gilfillan possesses many of the qualifications which go to form the literary, and especially the poetical, critic and commentator;—an intense admiration of the grand and the good—a fine sense of character as shewn in writing or in action—and an ideal system of literary composition which only needs realisation by himself and others to elevate the standard of public taste. His Life of Milton, prefixed to the present volume, is, with perhaps an exceptional phrase or two, admirable; much of it is eloquent, and all of it seems just.

LIVERPOOL TIMES.

The scheme is good, and so liberal, too, that one wonders, even in this day of cheap books and literature, how volumes of such handsome character can be produced for a sum so low. Really, it is a boon which, we hope, and indeed feel assured, will be largely appreciated.

EDINBURGH GUARDIAN.

The publisher is deserving of the highest praise for the enterprise and good taste manifested, and, so far as can be judged from the first volume, the editor also is entitled to considerable credit for the manner in which he has performed his share of the work, and more particularly for the improvements in the punctuation.

NORFOLK NEWS.

We have looked for its appearance with considerable interest, and justice compels us to say that Mr Nichol has honourably fulfilled his pledge to the public, and produced a marvel of beauty and cheapness in this age of low-priced literature.

DUMFRIES STANDARD.

The editor has performed his part well—the biographical sketch of Milton is in his best vein. The foot-notes are excellent, and are a great help in many places to a proper understanding of the text. We trust Mr Nichol will be so encouraged that he may be enabled to present the public with the only satisfactory edition of the "Popular Poets and Poetry of Britain." Such a thing has never existed.

CUMBERLAND PACQUET.

When we add the fact, that the mechanical department of the publication is conducted with all the attention, not only to usefulness but even to elegance, which the appliances of the age enable the publisher to bestow upon it, and that the volumes are offered at a price almost unprecedentedly low even in the present day, it will be obvious that the spirited projectors are entitled to demand, at the hands of the reading public, that very extensive patronage which alone can render their scheme commercially remunerative.

GREENOCK ADVERTISER.

The plan is in itself so excellent and spirited, and the volume before us so admirable a specimen of the style and execution of the work, that we cannot doubt that the reading public will eagerly do what they have in their power to promote the complete prosperity of the publisher's exceedingly liberal enterprise.

CHELTENHAM EXAMINER.

Every admirer of true poetry, and every advocate of cheap literature, must look with approval upon an attempt thus to familiarise the great mass of the English people with the writings of these immortal authors.

REFORMER'S GAZETTE.

We have been favoured with the first volume of a new edition of the British Poets, which is now in course of being published by Mr Nichol of Edinburgh, and which, if we may judge from the present specimen, will constitute the best and cheapest edition of that portion of our literature ever given to the public.

KELSO CHRONICLE.

So far as we can remember, there has been nothing equal in its general features to the series of volumes which Mr Nichol proposes to lay before the readers of the English classics, and which has been so worthily begun with the poetry of John Milton.

EDINBURGH: J. NICHOL. LONDON: J. NISBET AND CO. DUBLIN: W. ROBERTSON.

THOMSON'S

POETICAL WORKS.

THOMSON'S

POETICAL WORKS.

With Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes,

BY THE

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

EDINBURGH:
JAMES NICHOL, 9 NORTH BANK STREET.
LONDON: JAMES NISBET AND CO.
DUBLIN: W. ROBERTSON.
M.DCCC.LIII.

THE LIFE OF JAMES THOMSON,

INCLUDING A CRITICISM ON HIS POETRY.

JAMES THOMSON, the great author of the "Seasons," was the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Thomson, minister of the parish of Ednam, Roxburghshire, and was born there on the 11th of September 1700. His father was of good birth, and seems to have been a man of excellent character and respectable talents. His mother was Beatrix Trotter, daughter and heiress to Mr Trotter of Fogo, a small estate in the neighbourhood of Greenlaw, Berwickshire. The year after the Poet's birth his father was translated to Southdean, near Jedburgh. Thomson was thus from his birth fortunately situated in point of scenery. He was brought up near the banks of the Tweed, the Teviot, and the Jed, in the neighbourhood of the ancient ruins of Jedburgh, Dryburgh, Kelso, and Melrose, and with the blue Cheviots bounding the horizon. It was a country, not only of beautiful landscapes, but teeming with romantic memories, and echoing with the songs afterwards destined to form the "Minstrelsy of the Border." It was fit that Thomson, the finest describer of the sublimer glories of nature, should be born, and that Scott, the best painter of its more picturesque aspects, should be buried, in the centre of Scotland's richest and most varied scenery. Indeed, the Earl of Buchan assures us that it was in Dryburgh Abbey (where now the mighty minstrel slumbers) that Thomson first tuned his "Doric reed."

At an early age, Thomson's promise attracted the notice of Mr Riccaltoun, minister of the neighbouring parish of Hobkirk, who volunteered to superintend his education. To this his father consented, and he was placed at school in Jedburgh. This was at that time taught in the aisle of the church. Here he pursued his studies so successfully, that Sir William Bennet of Chesters, near Jedburgh, a gentleman noted for his wit, and Sir Gilbert Elliott of Minto, whose gardener Thomson's uncle was, took a kindly interest in him, invited him to their seats, and encouraged the first buddings of his poetic genius. He began early to write verses, but was so ill satisfied with them, that on the first day of each January he proceeded, with a mixture of judicial gravity and sly humour, to commit them to the flames, having first recorded the reasons of the condemnation in a copy of humorous verses. We do not wish for the revival of the criminals thus summarily disposed of, but we wish that some of the clever doggrel of the sentences they received had been preserved. Two of these boyish compositions have escaped the burning, and are inserted in some editions of his works—one on his sister Lizzy parting with her cat, and another addressed in his fourteenth year to Sir W. Bennet. We quote the latter, as the shortest of the two literary curiosities:—

"My trembling Muse your honour does address,
That it's a bold attempt most humbly I confess;
If you'll encourage her young fagging flight,
She'll upwards soar, and mount Parnassus' height.
If little things with great may be compared,
In Rome it so with the divine Virgil fared;
The tuneful bard Augustus did inspire,
Made his great genius flash poetic fire;
But if upon my flight your honour frowns,
The Muse folds up her wings, and dying—justice owns."

What a vast way he had to travel between this and the "Seasons"—a work which now contests the palm with the Georgics of the "divine Virgil" himself!

In the year 1715, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, to pass through the curriculum of study necessary to

prepare for the Divinity Hall, he being destined for the Church. Of his progress or proficiency during the first four years we know nothing. In the year 1718 he lost his father, under strange and painful circumstances. A place called Woolie, in the parish of Southdean, was said to be haunted by a ghost. In an evil hour Mr Thomson consented to try his clerical power in laying it. He had commenced the act of exorcism when, in the middle of his prayer, he was struck on the head by a ball of fire, which he attributed to diabolic agency. He fell down stunned and helpless, and was carried home, where he languished for a few days, and then expired. This event deeply impressed the Poet's mind. He became nervously apprehensive of supernatural agency, and afraid even to sleep alone. One night, his fellow-student and bed-fellow, as an experiment on his fears, walked quietly out, leaving Thomson asleep. He was soon recalled by the voice of the future author of the "Castle of Indolence," who had awaked, found himself alone, and ran out squalling for help like a bull-calf. After the father's death, the mother, who had nine children but slenderly provided for, effected a mortgage on her little hereditary estate, and removed with all her family to Edinburgh. With her James resided till the completion of his university studies.

In 1719 Thomson entered the Divinity Hall, and the records prove him to have performed the usual exercises three times, February 1720, February 1722, and May 1724, when his name disappears from the books. He obtained no bursary, he took no prizes, and left Edinburgh College, as Johnson after him left Oxford, without a degree. From a few letters of that period still extant, he seems to have spent his time partly in the harmless merriment and convivialities of the then Edinburgh student life, with David Mallet, and Cranstoun, and Patrick Murdoch, "the round, fat, oily man of God" he afterwards so picturesquely described, and partly in poetical efforts and aspirations. Poetry, not divinity, was his study; and an occasional visit to a "tippenny cell" seems to have been his sole relaxation. He contributed three articles to a volume entitled "The Edinburgh Miscellany," which must have

been an anticipation of the albums and annuals which have since appeared in such crowds. One of them is on "Country Life, by a Student of the University," and is interesting, as containing the germ and earnest of the "Seasons." During his attendance at the Divinity Hall, too, he seems to have written a number of poetical pieces, some of which, of no great merit, are still extant. His genius continued to trifle, like a babe in a meadow, "plucking witless the weak flowers," till it encountered the stormy theme of "Winter," and rose instantly, as if on the wings of the blast, to the full altitude, both of the subject and of its own powers.

Our readers all remember the story of Hamilton the divinity professor having given Thomson a Psalm to paraphrase as an exercise, and of the reception it received at his hands. He is said to have told his student that, if he expected to be useful in the ministry, he must restrain his imagination, and, while giving it considerable praise, to have censured some expressions in it as too flowery, and others as indecent, or even profane; and this is reported to have determined him to forsake his original intention of entering the Church. The story is founded on fact; the Psalm was a portion of the 119th, and his explanation of it may easily be supposed to have been too luxuriant for a divinity class, where cold exposition is generally in more request than eloquence or genius. But it is not true that Hamilton's criticism finally altered Thomson's views; as we find from his letters, that even after he went to London he still intended to be ordained. No doubt, however, he felt temporary chagrin. One is reminded of the analogous instance of the poet Pollok, whose first sermon in the United Secession Hall, which was filled with glowing and somewhat bombastic descriptions of the supposed effects of sin and the fall of man upon the material creation, and particularly of the "blowing of the first Monsoon," convulsed his fellow-students with laughter, created a smile where smiles were rarely seen, on the dry and lofty brow of the excellent Dr Dick, elicited from the poet the indignant interjected sentence, "And but for sin the smile of folly would not have been seen on the forehead of wisdom," and gained him for a season the

nickname of "Monsoon Pollok." Such receptions have not been unfrequently given to young men of genius in their first efforts, alike in colleges, divinity schools, and the public press. The weak sink before them; the morbid and the vain are crippled by them; the strong and determined persevere through and outlive them, and come at last to laugh heartily over their recollection. Thus it was with Thomson, with Byron, and with Pollok. It is possible, however, that, had worthy Mr Hamilton been more of the Chalmers or the Wilson, a poet himself, and a sympathizer with the fermenting brains of youthful bards, a manly and measured panegyric from his lips might have cheered the soul of his gifted pupil, and helped him on to that proper estimate of his own powers which is ever the best foundation for the settlement of the all-important question as to choosing a profession for life.

He had previously shewn his juvenile pieces to some of his friends, who, proud of the rare prerogative of passing sentence upon MS. poetry, were "nothing if not critical," and detected or made innumerable faults. Thus poor Thomson found his hopes both as a poet and as a preacher threatened with simultaneous blight. In this dilemma, conscious all the more intensely, like Sheridan, that there "was something in him, and that, please God, it would come out," he turned his thoughts towards London, then, still more than now, the great mart of true literary talent. It was once generally supposed that he had by this time completed "Winter," and that he carried the MS. with him in his pocket. Evidence, however, has more recently been produced, from his letters to Cranstoun, which renders it certain that he wrote the poem in London, and wrote it, poor fellow! to keep himself from the hands of his creditors. It is, indeed, possible that he may, while attending the Divinity Hall, have scratched out a rude outline of the noble strain; but it was under the pressure and with the rapid pen of poverty that the sketch was filled up and completed.

To repair to the capital, he had many motives and encouragements. He was invited to go there by Lady Grizel Baillie, eldest daughter to Sir Patrick Hume, first Earl of Marchmont, a gentleman so famous in the history of the

Covenanters, and so infamous in that of Argyle. This lady has left a noble reputation. It was she who, when her father was hiding in a churchyard, used to visit him by night, and convey him food at the hazard of her own life. She had heard of Thomson, probably through the Elliotts, and had sent him a warm invitation to come to London. It seems that he had a strong desire to enter the English Church, where his flowery style would rather have been a recommendation, and trusted for patronage to the influence of Lady Baillie, and Mr Elliott, a brother of Sir Gilbert's. To this gentleman, his friend Cranstoun promised him a letter of introduction, and in March 1725 he set sail from Leith, never to return to his native country again. Besides the letter to Elliott, which was forwarded after him to London, he had several other recommendations, which he had folded up carelessly in a handkerchief, and which were stolen from him. His first want in London, we are told, was a pair of shoes. This is carefully recorded by Johnson, the rather as it was a predicament which once befel himself; it is very characteristic of those times, when Scotland was miserably poor, and when hundreds of her sons poured into the south, with no shirts on their backs or shoes on their feet, but well replenished with self-consequence and thickly stuffed with national pride. Shortly afterwards, he called on Mr Elliott, who received him graciously, but gave him very faint hopes of success in his favourite scheme of entering the Episcopal Church. Still Thomson continued to cherish the intention of becoming a clergyman in one or other of the national establishments, and writes to Cranstoun—"The more I see of the vanity and wickedness of the world, the more I am inclined to that sacred office." His friend Mallet, or Malloch, the son of an innkeeper in Crieff, Perthshire, had left Scotland a year or two before Thomson, and had already established himself as a gay man about town. He proceeded to initiate his young friend in the mysteries of London life. Thomson, however, had only dipped his shoe in its pollution, when tidings from Scotland arrested his career,—his mother died on the 10th of May 1725. He felt the loss more keenly, as he had of late

somewhat relaxed in those moral and religious duties of which she had set the example as well as given the precept. In a poem, written on her death, immediately after it happened, he alludes very affectingly to their last parting on the shore of Leith. The shock of this event renewed and deepened his desire of entering into orders.

Meanwhile, however, he must live, and the question, "how?" for some weeks, was more easy to ask than to answer. At length, through Lady Baillie, he obtained the tutorship of Lord Binning's eldest son, Thomas, then a boy of five, and residing ten miles from London, near East Barnet. This situation he entered on in July 1725. In the following September, under the pressure of great pecuniary difficulties, he began to write his "Winter;" he was moved to this, too, by the influences of the autumn, always to him, as to many poets, a season of peculiar inspiration. In spite of poverty, and the drudgery of teaching a child to read, and the disappointment of his clerical prospects, the "joy of Harvest" touched his soul, and it overflowed in the mighty, sonorous strains of the first and best of his "Seasons." The subject was suggested by a poem from the pen of his early patron, Mr Riccaltoun, on Winter, which Thomson had lying beside him, and which, he says, "awakened" him. He finished the poem rapidly, but it had to go the usual rounds of a new work among the trade, and meet the usual bookselling reception—"Very elegant poem, but not in our line; too much description in it; a little wit would improve it; could not Mr Thomson write something in the style of Pope or Gay?—*that* would be sure to take." Thomson had by this time secured a number of influential acquaintances, such as Duncan Forbes of Culloden, the Duke of Argyle, Sir R. Walpole, Dr Arbuthnot, Gay, and Pope, but it was mainly through Mallet that Miller at last consented to publish his poem. It appeared in March 1726, Thomson having, a little before this, left his situation at Barnet, and gone to reside with Mallet, at the Duke of Montrose's country house, where his friend was tutor. There he went over the poem with Mallet, and greatly polished and improved it. He passed next to an academy in Little Tower Street, where,

for a month, he taught, among others, Lord George Graham, the youngest son of the Duke.

"Winter" at first received a reception as frigid as the name could possibly suggest. But, by and by, the notice of three gentlemen secured its success. A Mr Whately, then reputed a good judge of poetry, had dipped into it, admired, and ran everywhere sounding its praises; Spence, the well-known friend of Pope, mentioned it with distinction in an "Essay on the Odyssey" which he was publishing at the time; and Aaron Hill, who at that time enjoyed a reputation only inferior to Pope's, is now partly remembered by the fact that he wrote to Mallet, who had brought the poem under his notice, a letter of warm approval, which, shewn to the author, made him exclaim in reply, "The approbation of so supreme a genius, pleases, delights, ravishes me!" One is reminded of Burns's rapture, when he read poor Blacklock's letter. Yet, can we wonder that the head of a great poet, which had been covered with the deepest veil of obscurity, should, when smitten by the first solitary ray of its eternal glory, reel and rave for a season, under the unwonted lustre? "Winter" had been dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, who took no notice of it till he read in the newspapers a poem addressed by Hill to the author; he then sent for him and gave him twenty guineas. Thus patronised, "Winter" ran through three editions in the course of the year. It also multiplied the number of his friends; he gained through it, especially, the friendship of Dr Rundle, Bishop of Derry, who recommended him to Lord Chancellor Talbot, afterwards a most valuable acquaintance.

In 1727, having left Tower Street Academy and removed to Lancaster Court, Strand, he issued three new poems—his "Summer," his verses "on the Death of Sir Isaac Newton," and his "Britannia," a poem expressing his indignation at the interruption of British trade by the Spaniards in America, and, by the strain of its politics, committing him to the Opposition, and cutting him off from all hope of patronage from the Court. He also announced this year an Essay on Descriptive Poetry, which never appeared.

In 1728 he published his "Spring," dedicating it to the

Countess of Hertford, who consequently invited Thomson to her country seat. She found him, however, not only more "fat than bard beseems," but fonder of carousing with her lord than assisting the elegant studies of her ladyship, and he was never again asked. "Autumn" did not appear till 1730, when his poems were collected.

In 1729, the drama of "Sophonisba" was acted with tolerable success. It is heavy as a whole; but contains much that is striking, and more that is sonorous. It is chiefly now remembered for a line it no longer contains—

"O Sophonisba! Sophonisba O!"

and the famous parody thereupon,

"O Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson O!"

which made a town, where as yet *Punch* was not, merry for a whole season.

In 1730 appeared the complete edition of the "Seasons," rounded off with that glorious Hymn which seems the essence of their beauty collected in a cloud of fragrance, and, by the breath of devotion, directed upwards to heaven. The same year, through the influence of Dr Rundle, Thomson was chosen to accompany the eldest son of the future Lord Chancellor Talbot on his travels, and spent accordingly nearly two years upon the Continent. This seems to have been one of the happiest portions of Thomson's life. He saw most of the scenes, pictures, statues, &c., usually seen by travellers in France and Italy, and seems to have surveyed them with a certain languid admiration characteristic of his temperament. The same objects which infused sublime awe into the soul of Milton, and which stirred Byron into passionate rapture, threw Thomson into a state of dreamy delight, in which, unlike Lady Macbeth, his eyes were half shut, but their sense was open. He was not one of those travellers who go from Dan to Beersheba and find all barren; nor one of those who are perpetually "exclaiming," and ready to explode with the violent reality, or still more violent affectation, of their feelings. He took things calmly; and the Rhine, and the Alps, and St

Peter's, and the two Gladiators, were allowed quietly to daguerreotype themselves upon his brain till the proper time for using them artistically should arrive.

He returned to England in the end of 1731. During his travels he had meditated a great poem on "Liberty," and when he reached home he sat down laboriously to indite it. During its progress, his pupil, Mr Talbot, died, and Thomson mourned over him very sincerely and eloquently in his poem —the first part of which appeared in December 1734, the second and third parts in the following year, and the fourth and fifth in 1736. It made very little impression upon the public, and has never become more popular than it was at first. About this time, Thomson's only brother, John, came to London to act as his amanuensis, but was seized with consumption, returned to Scotland, and died.

In the same year that "Liberty" appeared, the Poet, through Lord Talbot, was appointed Secretary of Briefs to the Court of Chancery. This situation he retained till 1737, and during its continuance he was quite independent, rather indolent, but very kind to his two sisters in Edinburgh, Jean and Elizabeth, to whom he advanced money to set them up in a little milliner's shop. In 1737 the Lord Chancellor died; and Thomson wrote a fine poem to his memory. He had many reasons to lament him. In him he lost his best friend, and his easy situation. He was cast once more upon the precarious waters of literature. Soon after his patron's death, he was arrested for debt, and saved only through the generosity of Quin, the actor, from a spunging-house; and in 1738 his tragedy of "Agamemnon," produced after many vexatious delays, met with an unfavourable reception, to the great annoyance of the author, who sat perspiring with anxiety and chagrin during the representation. In 1739 another tragedy from his pen, entitled "Edward and Eleonora," was offered to the stage, but was rejected owing to the political allusions in which it abounded. One of the Ministerial writers, referring to it, said, with some humour, that Thomson had taken "a 'Liberty' which was not agreeable to 'Britannia' in any 'Season.'"

In 1740, he prefaced a new edition of Milton's "Areopagitica." From that period his pen continued idle till 1745, with the exception of the Masque of "Alfred," which was written in 1740 at the command of the Prince of Wales, and performed at Clifden, to a select audience, with great applause. The famous song, "Rule Britannia," was a portion of this Masque; although some have claimed it as Mallet's production, who was conjoined with Thomson in getting up the whole.

Through Prince Frederick (who gave him a pension of £100 per annum till his own death) he became intimate with Lord Lyttelton, and this amiable nobleman remained his steadfast patron and friend to the last. About the year 1744 he took up house in Kew Lane, Richmond, and formed an acquaintance with the Amanda of the "Seasons," a Miss Young, of Richmond, of whom he was deeply enamoured. Nothing, however, resulted from the intimacy. She was afterwards married to Admiral Campbell.

In 1744 Lord Lyttelton procured him the post of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, the profits of which were £300 a-year. It was a sinecure, and he enjoyed it till his death. In 1745, "Tancred and Sigismunda" was enacted with considerable applause. Part of 1745 and 1746 was spent at Hagley Park with Lord Lyttelton. In 1747 he visited the Leasowes, and became acquainted with Shenstone. In 1748 his "Castle of Indolence," which had been long on the stocks, appeared, and met with a very warm reception. His tragedy of "Coriolanus," too, was nearly ready, but certain circumstances prevented its appearance till after its author's death.

That was very sudden. In a journey from London to Kew, he had, after heating himself with walking, imprudently taken a boat to convey him to his home; the evening air of the river chilled him, and next morning he found himself in a high fever. In a few days he rallied, but the exposure of himself one night to the dews brought on a relapse, and on the 27th August 1748 he breathed his last. It is consoling to hope, from Lord Lyttelton's Correspondence, that, whatever had been

his personal errors or sceptical moods of soul, he died a Christian—saying in effect, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." He was buried in Richmond churchyard, and in 1762 a monument was erected to him in Westminster Abbey.

No one was ever more cordially beloved. He seems to have been a being totally destitute of malice or guile, firm in his attachments, generous to his friends and foes alike; and his very indolence and sensuality were pardoned because they were *his*.

A certain careless greatness is the principal element of his genius. He was, as Coleridge truly said, "rather a great than a good poet." Except in passages of the "Castle of Indolence," there is little finish or true polish about his poetry. He did, indeed, labour much at the file, but it was seldom under the presence of a high ideal of Art; and his alterations, like those of John Foster, were often anything but improvements. His great power lay in his deep, glowing, childlike enthusiasm for nature, and in the fulness with which he retained this on to mature manhood; so that, while in understanding he was thirty, in freshness of feeling he was only thirteen. He excelled more in the wide landscape view, than in the cabinet picture or the miniature. He was better at describing the Torrid Zone than a lady bathing—coping with the aggregate terrors of Winter than telling a tale of individual woe. He is more a sublime and sensuous, than he is a refined, spiritualized, or beautiful poet. He resembles rather Byron in all but his elasticity, and the fierce and savage nature that burned in him, than such poets as Shelley, who seem half abstracted from earth, and to converse more with its hovering shadows than with its solid substance.

The "Seasons" was his favourite, and is probably his best work. It contains, indeed, some sounding nonsense, and a great deal of description that misses its mark, and strays aimless and hookless as the dishevelled down of the thistle. But, on the other hand, what broad, large pictures constantly occur, blended with occasional touches so felicitous and exquisitely true to nature! His knowledge of the theme so extensive and unaffectedly accurate—his love for it so

enthusiastic and so catholic! Wherever a sun shines, or a green field expands, or a mountain checks, to glorify the landscape, there Thomson is at home; and Nova Zembla and Cathay, California and Japan, are alike to his all-embracing genius.

"The Castle of Indolence," more thoroughly complete, more delicately finished, and aspiring to a certain plot and story, displays more of the artist, with very little less of the poet, than the "Seasons." It is, certainly, the sweetest piece of poetic seduction in the world. No hymn to Sleep ever was so soft—no "dream within a dream," of rest beyond the dreaming land, was ever so subtle.

"Britannia," "To the Memory of Lord Talbot," and "To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton," are three strains of kindred although various merit. All have much volubility of language, sustained pomp, and occasional beauties. The third alone we think entirely worthy of Thomson. It ranks along with the second sermon of Dr Chalmers's *Astronomical Discourses*, as one of the most glowing panegyrics passed upon that great man, who reminds us always, in his simplicity and his achievements, of the first rude shape of the telescope—at once so plain, and yet shewing and prophesying so much. The greatest sentence in this poem is—

> "Have ye *not listen'd* while he *bound* the Suns
> And Planets to their spheres?"

Yet it yields to a line in the "Seasons," where he calls Science—

> "*Mother severe of infinite delights.*"

"Liberty" exhibits Thomson in a false position. He was not the man to sing of that

> "Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye."

He was too lazy and too luxurious. We see him sweating at the work, in a hot summer day, with his coat off, and occasionally napping in the course of his lucubrations. And yet, clumsy and tedious as portions of this poem are, it has noble passages, and its paintings of historical events are

often in spirit and in language worthy of the themes and of the bard. Let none sneer at "Liberty" till they have read it; and if, during the operation, they may sometimes sleep, yet assuredly at the close of it they will be ashamed any longer to sneer.

We regret that the plan of our publication does not permit us to give any specimens of Thomson's letters. They shew him in a new aspect,—as the affectionate brother, the steadfast friend, the acute observer of human nature—in short, the "fine fat fellow" that he was, no less certainly than one of our most genuine and popular poets.

CONTENTS.

THE SEASONS:— PAGE

Spring 1

Summer 37

Autumn 92

Winter 133

A Hymn 165

LIBERTY:—

Part I. Ancient and Modern Italy Compared . . 169

II. Greece 182

III. Rome 198

IV. Britain 217

V. The Prospect 255

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE:—

Canto I. 279

II. 305

Poem to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton . . . 333

Britannia 340

Poem to the Memory of the Right Honourable the Lord Talbot 350

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS :— PAGE

A Paraphrase on the Latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of St Matthew 361
Hymn on Solitude 362
To the Rev. Mr Murdoch 364
Epitaph on Miss Stanley 364
On the Death of Mr Aikman 365
Song 366
Song 366
Song 367
Song 368
Song 368
Ode to Seraphina 369
Ode 370
Ode on Æolus's Harp 371
Ode 372

THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HERTFORD. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man. Concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
  O HERTFORD, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
  And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
  As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,

Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill engulf'd
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.
  At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.
  Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
  White through the neighb'ring fields the sower stalks,
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
  Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,

Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
To wide imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and greatly independent scorn'd
All the vile stores Corruption can bestow.
  Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the Sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!
  Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes: the penetrative Sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.
  From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,

Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, AUGUSTA,[1] in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies:
If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,

[1] 'Augusta:' ancient name of London.

Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.
Be patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deep'ning clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the Summer blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.
The North-east spends his rage, and now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive South
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,

The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth:
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;

Till, in the western sky, the downward Sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their very music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd Zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the Sun, thy show'ry prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Rais'd through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.
Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,

O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search; or through the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fired by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a lib'ral hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nursing mould,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unflesh'd in blood;
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.
The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away;
And up they rose as vigorous as the Sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away: while in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,
That inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among those happy sons of Heaven:

For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales
And balmy spirit all. The youthful Sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Dropp'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy.
For music held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Applied their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.
But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and Reason, half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd,
Convulsive Anger storms at large; or pale,
And silent, settles into fell Revenge.
Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding Fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Even Love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more

That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and Grief,
Of life impatient, into Madness swells,
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.
  Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.
  The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the Zephyrs bland

Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.
And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravin fir'd, ensanguin'd Man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity,
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep,—while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,
Or beams that gave them birth,—shall he, fair form!
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,

What have ye done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
Against the Winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.[1]
High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise.
Besides, who knows how, rais'd to higher life,
From stage to stage the vital scale ascends?
  Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their mossy tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam; now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender watery stores, prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonising folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast

[1] 'Samian sage:' Pythagoras.

Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.
When with his lively ray the potent Sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next pursue their rocky-channell'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.

Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the Sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
Even shooting listless languor through the deeps;
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his eyry builds.
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:

Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.
  Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do? ah, where find words
Tinged with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?
  Yet, though successless, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song!
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
O come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy loved bosom that improves their sweets.

See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Irriguous, spreads! See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
In fair profusion, decks! Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;
Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.
At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:
Now meets the bending sky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,

And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculus, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and, while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.
  Hail, Source of Being! Universal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,

Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal Sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerous-colour'd scene of things.
As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim!
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame—the passion of the groves.
When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messenger of morn:
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush

Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds, and beast, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approvance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;

In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.
  Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That Nature's great command may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes:
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.
  As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,

Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her sympathising lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour. O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
  Nor toil alone they scorn; exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
And to the simple art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling schoolboy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering swain, the white wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on

In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild duck hence
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.
  Be not the Muse asham'd here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade!
  But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.
  But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,

Demand the free possession of the sky.
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown:
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
The plumy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And, once rejoicing, never know them more.
  High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's[1] shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,

[1] 'Kilda:' the farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.
  Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock spreads
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
  While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood

Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous madd'ning fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the aërial summit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.
  Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern roused,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British Fair,

Forbids, and leads me to the mountain brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift the golden head;
And o'er our labours Liberty and Law,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of the world!
What is this mighty Breath, ye curious, say,
That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven, and through their breasts
These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?
Inspiring God! who boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaseless works alone; and yet alone
Seems not to work: with such perfection framed
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
The Smiling God is seen; while water, earth,
And air attest his bounty; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,

And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.
  Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, Creative Bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd,
Can restless Goodness wait; your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the Sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh; and young-eyed Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure Serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still.

By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!
These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by Reason's purer ray,
O LYTTELTON, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muse, through Hagley Park you stray;
Thy British Tempē! There along the dale,
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander through the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulph
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts

The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Inimitable happiness! which love
Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around;
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
Wide-stretching from the Hall in whose kind haunt
The hospitable Genius lingers still,
To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.
Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;

The shining moisture swells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
Dare not th' infectious sigh; the pleading look,
Downcast, and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft moments with betraying man.
  And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
Th' enticing smile; the modest seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.
  Even present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang

Shoots through the conscious heart; where honour still,
And great design, against th' oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
But absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life!
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd Sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely and unattentive. From the tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms,
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs; there through the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon

Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours: then forth he walks
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or while the world
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortured heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fired. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies,
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love; and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Through forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
Back from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach

The farther shore, where succourless and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
  These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's Paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! The yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.

Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.
  But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend!
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well merited, consume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,

Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish?
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven!
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting SPRING
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;

When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

SUMMER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr DODINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over. A serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sunset. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry Hours,
And ever-fanning Breezes, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
  Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom;
And on the dark green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit seat,
By mortal seldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstacy of soul.
And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:
O DODINGTON! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.
With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments, away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful: such th' all-perfect Hand,
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady Whole!
When now no more th' alternate Twins are fired,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east;

Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward: while along the forest-glade
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
  Falsely luxurious! will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams!
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?
  But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,

The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer Light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire: from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee,
Inhaling spirit! from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.
The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.

Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly Storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd:
But, to the bowell'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,

The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns;
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent Stream
Plays o'er the mead. The Precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The Desert joys,
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude Ruins glitter; and the briny Deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated Source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!
How shall I then attempt to sing of Him
Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken!
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundless sky:
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of man,
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise;
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
Even in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celestial Thee resound,
Th' eternal Cause, Support, and End of all!
To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.
Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent Sun
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.
Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant Heat, dispreading through the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.
Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the Sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,

Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.
Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
(That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song,
Not mean though simple: to the Sun allied,
From him they draw their animating fire.
Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptiles young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes,
People the blaze! To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool

They, sportive, wheel; or sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed trout
Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade
Some love to stray; there lodged, amused, and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.
  But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,—
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleased: the fluttering wing
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.
  Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon;
Or drowsy shepherd as he lies reclin'd,

With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.
Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading even the microscopic eye!
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organis'd
Waiting the vital Breath, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flow'ry leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When Silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.
Let no presuming impious railer tax

Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art,
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole!
And lives the man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary *nothing*—desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:

The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay: while heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.
  Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool: this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And, panting, labour to the farther shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;

Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race ; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, tost from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd,
Head above head : and ranged in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd king ;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace :
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cipher, ready stand ;
Others the unwilling wether drag along ;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears !
Fear not, ye gentle tribes ! 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved ;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,

Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.
A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the Sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.
'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heav'n and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams
And keen reflexion pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither even the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.
All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,

Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines!
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon!
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonis'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.
  Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.
  Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
A various groupe the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip

The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.
Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
Then startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.
Oft in this season too, the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength,
Bears down th' opposing stream; quenchless his thirst;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts,
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around.
These are the haunts of Meditation, these

The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His Muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.
  Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-roused, I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of Fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,
The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace immingle charms.
Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
By noisy folly and discordant vice,
Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
Here frequent, at the visionary hour,

When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade:
A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
Of poet swelling to seraphic strain."
And art thou, STANLEY,[1] of that sacred band?
Alas! for us too soon! Though raised above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet with a mingled ray
Of sadly pleased remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspir'd: where moral wisdom mildly shone,
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to Parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.
Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense

[1] 'Stanley:' a young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back,
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.
  Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls.
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose;
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
  Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions through the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the Sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only through the forest coos,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lined, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.
Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
Now come bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the torrid zone:
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
You blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.
See, how at once the bright effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The general breeze, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning suns, and double seasons pass:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven

Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink, amid the cliffs,
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
  Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best Anana, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imaged in the golden age:
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vast savannas, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant spring: for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.

Along these lonely regions, where, retired
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas:
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fallen cedar, far diffused his train,
Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold, in plated mail,
Behemoth[1] rears his head! Glanced from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-raised in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant—wisest of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd!

[1] 'Behemoth:' the hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce comest to rob their wealth;
No holy Fury thou, blaspheming Heaven,
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,

And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, mayst freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove, mayst wander gay,
Through balmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit spreading fair
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
And gardens smile around, and cultured fields;
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring floods and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowell'd earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
A land of wonders! which the Sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How changed the scene! In blazing height of noon,
The Sun, oppress'd, is plunged in thickest gloom.
Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,

Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charged.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condensed
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne,
From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.
  The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge, whence, with annual pomp,
(Rich king of floods!) o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
There, by the Naiads nursed, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
That with unfading verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along;
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.
  His brother Niger too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract

Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar;
From Menam's[1] orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
All at this bounteous season ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.
  Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moisture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty Orellana.[2] Scarce the Muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
The sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.

[1] 'Menam:' the river that runs through Siam; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called *fire-flies* make a beautiful appearance in the night. —[2] 'Orellana:' the river of the Amazons.

Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.
But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth,
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss,
This pomp of Nature? what, their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispersed, and wafting winds,
What, their unplanted fruits? what, the cool draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? Their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines,
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the Sun?
What, all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace,
Whate'er the humanising Muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the Light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of Man;—
These are not theirs. The parent Sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,

Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there!
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity:—these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense; then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffused
He throws his folds; and while, with threatening tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst, appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublimed
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licensed by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure Day has shut
His sacred eye: the tiger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell;—
These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles

That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where, round their lordly bull in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang, escaped,
The wretch half wishes for his bonds again;
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.
  Unhappy he who, from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death! Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retired,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds;
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours;

When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.
Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breathed hot,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert, even the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast!
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commoved around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.
But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, the aërial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire Ecnephia,[1] reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells.

[1] 'Typhon' and 'Ecnephia:' names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow: by rapid Fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, labouring round the stormy Cape;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerged
The rising world of trade: the Genius then,
Of Navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian Prince;[1] who, Heaven-inspired,
To love of useful glory roused mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.
  Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lured by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold! he, rushing, cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And from the partners of that cruel trade,

[1] 'Lusitanian prince:' Don Henry, third son to John the First, king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey—demands themselves!
The stormy Fates descend; one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless Sun,
And draws the copious steam; from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapp'd,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dared to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.
What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,

The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape: Man is her destined prey,
Intemperate Man! and o'er his guilty domes
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the Sun, suffused,
Of angry aspect. Princely Wisdom then
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of Joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men: unless escaped
From the doom'd house, where matchless Horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous Fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose, and, loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society:
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,
Savaged by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair

Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.
  Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
Fired by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
And, roused within the subterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse:
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.
  Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,
Unusual darkness broods; and, growing, gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharged
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, streaming on the day,
With various-tinctured trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till by the touch ethereal roused,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes

Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,

And ox, half-raised. Struck on the castled cliff
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmaen Mawr, heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowdon's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.
  Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash.—Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.
  They loved: but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they lived
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
  So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,

By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,
While with each other blest, creative Love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate, her bosom heaved
Unwonted sighs, and, stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceived
Th' unequal conflict, and, as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumined high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence
And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
(Mysterious Heaven!) that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe?
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of Heaven the shatter'd clouds

Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Nature from the storm
Shines out afresh; and through the lighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields, yet drooping from distress.
'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
Most favour'd, who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest waked,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands
Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and through th' obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy-winding path;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleased spectators round.
This is the purest exercise of health,

The kind refresher of the Summer-heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserved
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even from the body's purity the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.
  Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where, winded into pleasing solitudes,
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,
Pensive, and pierced with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He framed a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine!
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, robed in loose array, she came to bathe

Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urged him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bless'd
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival-goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfined, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg
And slender foot th' inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolved the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, th' alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view;
As from her naked limbs of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-exposed she stood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood she rush'd: the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves received;
And every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
As shines the lily through the crystal mild;

Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill conceal'd, and now with streaming locks,
That half embraced her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptured thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,
With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
Traced by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw:—"Bathe on, my fair,
Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood;
So stands the statue[1] that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
But, when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mix'd emotions, hard to be described,
Her sudden bosom seized: shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,

[1] 'Statue:' the Venus of Medici.

By modesty exalted: even a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carved,
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."
The Sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth
And vital lustre; that with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking Fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attuned to happy unison of soul;
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light;
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance;
Now call'd abroad, enjoy the falling day:

Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk;
By that kind School where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improved. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good.*
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene?[1] Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptured eye,
Exulting, swift to huge Augusta send,
Now to the sister hills[2] that skirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retired,
With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing Muse,

[1] 'Shene:' the old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon, *shining*, or *splendour*.—[2] 'Sister hills:' Highgate and Hampstead.

Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames;
Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing God;[1] to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terraced height, and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
On which *the Power of Cultivation* lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
  Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfined, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
  Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless, while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleased and unwearied in his guarded toil.
  Full are thy cities with the sons of Art;

[1] In his last sickness.

And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fired,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet like the mustering thunder, when provoked,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim Oppression groan.
Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd name *the Virtues saint*,
And his own Muses love; the best of kings!
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
Names dear to Fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage;
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,

Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor;
A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flamed thy spirit high: But who can speak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain; whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd!
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explored the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he proved,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land!
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy *Age of Men* effulged,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood,
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign,

Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Cassius,[1] fearless bled;
Of high determined spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful sages and in noble bards;
Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
Her orient ray, and waked the Muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice;
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course: him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he, who, from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that, slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heaven again.
The generous Ashley[2] thine, the friend of man;
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search,
Amid the dark recesses of his works,

[1] 'British Cassius:' Algernon Sidney. — [2] 'Ashley:' Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well moralized, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
Shaped by the hand of Harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight; and under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;

The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when, dress'd in love,
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.
  Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations, whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea wave.
  O Thou, by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind;
Courage, composed and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untired,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front superior shines
That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.
  Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers

Of Amphitrité, and her tending nymphs
(So Grecian fable sung), he dips his orb;
Now half-immersed; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself a useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.
But to the generous still-improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First *this*
She sends on earth; then *that*, of deeper dye,
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down

Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that blest language shown
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height
And valley sunk and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The Glow-worm lights his gem; and through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven

Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and, from her genial rise,
When day-light sickens, till it springs afresh,
Unrivall'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky, or horizontal dart
In wondrous shapes, by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck—that animate—the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the Sun descends;
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
Whose godlike minds Philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
While, from his far excursions through the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-sustaining Love:
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps

To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.
With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon, and pure as that
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarged by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:
The *first* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to Him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the *last* receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die; the treasure of mankind,
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!
Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man?
A savage, roaming through the woods and wilds
In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art

And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his ; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of Navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole ;
Mother severe of infinite delights !
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train,
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse ! But, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;
To live like brothers, and, conjunctive all,
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm ; or like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.
  Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confined, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
Creation through ; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who *spoke the word*,
And Nature moved complete. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear,
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :
To reason then, deducing truth from truth ;

And notion quite abstract; where first begins 1796
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of Industry, raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moonlight. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sunshiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
Nitrous prepared, the various-blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth, and Summer suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.
  ONSLOW! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from *the public voice* thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble care she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;

While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue; she,
Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
From Heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while, broad and brown, below
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumined field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along;—
A gaily checker'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded, tossing in a flood of corn.
These are thy blessings, Industry! rough Power,
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life:
Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,
Naked and helpless, out amid the woods

And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast
Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar;—a shivering wretch,
Aghast, and comfortless! when the bleak North,
With Winter charged, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild season, sordid, pined away.
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,
And roused him from his miserable sloth;
His faculties unfolded; pointed out
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; show'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,

Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table; pour'd
The generous glass around, inspired to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit:
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
But, still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the lord of all below.
  Then gathering men their natural powers combined,
And form'd a *public;* to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the patriot council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented whole;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And, with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable; nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have raised.
  Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspired,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of Art, the City rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,

From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.
  Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Raised the strong crane; choked up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent Toil
From bank to bank increased; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.
  Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heaved
Its ample roof; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming Art, imagination-flush'd.
  All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him, Summer were an arid waste,
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit

Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song.
  Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks,
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen; but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think,
How good the God of Harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields!
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
  The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired

Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which Virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy Fashion and low-minded Pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain-snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went

To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant Custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:
" What pity, that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,

Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"
When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions that surprised his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blazed his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confused, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul:
"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
She whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? O heavens! the very same!
The soften'd image of my noble friend;
Alive his every feature, every look,
More elegantly touch'd! Sweeter than Spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune, say, ah! where,
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
Though Poverty's cold wind and crushing rain
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
Oh, let me now into a richer soil
Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns and showers
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits
Acasto's daughter—his, whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,

The father of a country—thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill applied to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
If, to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"
Here ceased the youth: yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierced with anxious thought, she pined away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seized her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptured than the happy pair,
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.
Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry South collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
But as th' aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere

Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world ;
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Exposed and naked to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force ;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still overhead
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens ; till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell ; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks
The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages and swains,
Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had spared
In one wild moment ruin'd, the big hopes
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;

Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;
And oh, be mindful of that sparing board
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice;
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away!
  Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game:
How, in his mid career, the spaniel, struck
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretch'd and finely sensible, draws full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Though borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
Glanced just and sudden from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their sounding pinions, and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them, wide dispersed,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.
  These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song;
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful, barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;

When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urged by necessity, had ranged the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant Man,
Who, with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflamed, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But, lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.
  Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scared from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retired: the rushy fen; the rugged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapp'd;
The thistly lawn; the thick-entangled broom;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her best precaution; though she sits
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature raised to take th' horizon in;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once:

The pack full opening, various; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy.
The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, roused by fear,
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight;
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
Deception short! though, fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the North,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day,
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;

He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.
Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase, behold, despising flight,
The roused-up lion, resolute and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward band that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then,
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game;
For happy he who tops the wheeling chase;
Has every maze evolved, and every guile

Disclosed; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seized, and dying hard,
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours graced; the fox's fur
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.
But first the fuell'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side; in which, with desperate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defaced
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
Into the pasty plunged, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chase.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl: the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffused, while soft she hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid

Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
Wreathed, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.
At last these puling idlenesses laid
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set ardent in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulged apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd *cry* of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennell'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.
As when the tempest that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls;
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolved. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading through the misty sky.

Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confused above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itself was drunk,
Lie—a wet, broken scene: and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter; where astride
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his buried flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.
But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the British fair.
Far be the spirit of the chase from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill,
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire;
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
And, by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging man.
Oh, may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
Through Love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!

And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
Disclosing motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race,
To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
And, by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praise.
  Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise: the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade;
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree;
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.
  Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze

Of Autumn, unconfined; and taste, revived,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
By Nature's all-refining hand prepared;
Of temper'd sun and water, earth and air,
In ever-changing composition mix'd.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue:
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
Phillips, Pomona's bard; the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
With British freedom sing the British song:
How, from Silurian[1] vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.
  In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The Sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
Oh, lose me in the green delightful walks
Of, Dodington, thy seat, serene and plain;
Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!

[1] 'Silurian:' the principal cyder counties, to the west of the Severn, were anciently inhabited by the Silurian Britons.

Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
New beauties rise with each revolving day;
New columns swell, and still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat:
Where, in the secret bower and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze, and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
And as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought;
Presents the downy peach; the shining plum,
With a fine bluish mist of animals
Clouded; the ruddy nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the South;
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.
  Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks, amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increased, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgid film the living dew.

As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray,
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood,
That, by degrees fermented and refined,
Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy:
The Claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and, quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champagne.
  Now, by the cool declining year condensed,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the Mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but, in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen and slow to roll the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the Sun
Sheds weak and blunt his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic; till at last,

Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
Light, uncollected, through the Chaos urged
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill; those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks,
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Fresh into day, and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind Ambition led astray,

They must aspire, why should they sudden stop
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their secret channels, or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales.
Old Ocean, too, suck'd through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.
  Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe and all its joyous tribes?
O thou pervading Genius, given to Man,
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
Oh, lay the mountains bare, and wide display
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
Give opening Hæmus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus, pouring many a stream!
Oh, from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine Hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
To farthest Lapland and the Frozen Main;
From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphæan rocks, which the wild Russ
Believes the *stony girdle* of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;

Oh, sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his sounding base,
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spread! Unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending Mountains of the Moon!
O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
The Southern Pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose!
I see the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them labouring to get free!
I see the leaning strata, artful ranged;
The gaping fissures, to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strew'd bibulous above I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts,
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
And welling out around the middle steep,
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United thus,
Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,

The gelid mountains, that, to rain condensed,
These vapours in continual current draw,
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.
When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire,
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats,
Or rather, into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.
Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now, their route design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figured flight ascends, and, riding high
Th' aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.
Or where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles

Of farthest Thulè, and th' Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise—
Infinite wings!—till all the plume-dark air
And rude-resounding shore are one wild cry?
  Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
Full; winding deep and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool, translucent, brimming flood
Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure *parent-stream*,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With, sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
Nurse of a people, in Misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,

Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave ;
Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,—
Great patriot-hero ! ill-requited chief !)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state ;
Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil :
As from their own clear North, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.
Oh ! is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike luxury is placed,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Through late posterity ? some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected Industry, to give
A double harvest to the pining swain,
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil ?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave ; how, white as Hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn ; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores ;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
Uninjured, round the sea-encircled globe ;
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep ?
Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,

Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combined;
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,
Calm and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see, the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strewn walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while, illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the Sun,
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,

And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
  Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
Oh, let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
  The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields:
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race

Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.
  He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes;
Inflames imagination, through the breast
Infuses every tenderness, and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the Mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high: Devotion, raised
To rapture and divine astonishment;
The love of Nature unconfined, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wish
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory through remotest time;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame;
The sympathies of love and friendship dear;
With all the social offspring of the heart.
  Oh, bear me then to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves, and visionary vales,
To weeping grottoes and prophetic glooms,
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk

Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep, along;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!
  Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye Powers
That o'er the garden and the rural seat
Preside, which shining through the cheerful land
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees;
Oh, lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe![1]
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
By genius fired, such ardent genius tamed
By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt! thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
Or in that Temple[2] where, in future times,
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land;
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks! Oh, through her strain

[1] 'Stowe:' the seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham. — [2] 'Temple:' the Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

Breathe thy pathetic eloquence, that moulds
Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And shakes Corruption on her venal throne!
While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:—
What pity, Cobham! thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long-embattled hosts; when the proud foe,
The faithless, vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has roused the world to war;
When, keen once more within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British youth would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardour and thy veteran skill!
  The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day;
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the Moon,
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the Sun direct, her spotted disk—
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth—gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,

While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.
  But when, half-blotted from the sky, her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre through the depth of heaven;
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
Oft in this season, silent from the North
A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly re-ascend,
And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.
  From look to look, contagious through the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aërial spears, and steeds of fire;
Till, the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent; and busy Frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm;
Of pestilence, and every great distress;
Empires subversed, when ruling Fate has struck
Th' unalterable hour: even Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the man of philosophic eye

And inspect sage: the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.
  Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies, all beauty void,
Distinction lost, and gay variety
One universal blot: such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge,
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming or from airy hall.
Perhaps, impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorb'd,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf;
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the better Genius of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits, and shows the narrow path
That winding leads through pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.
  The lengthen'd night elapsed, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last Autumnal day.

And now the mounting Sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And, hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
Ah, see where, robb'd and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still-heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur; while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoiced
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, used to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolved, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd,
Ceaseless, the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When obliged,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow, and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds?
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,

Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate), is seized
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involved,
Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.
  Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffused, grows warm and high;
Infinite splendour, wide-investing all!
How still the breeze! save what the filmy thread
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply tinged
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure throned
The radiant Sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up,
And instant Winter's utmost rage defied.
While, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out, and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.
  Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men

The happiest he, who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life!
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused?
Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe—
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with massy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools—oppress him not?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? What though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor, sunk in beds
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged
To disappointment and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring
When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough
When Summer reddens and when Autumn beams,
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,

Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells simple Truth; plain Innocence;
Unsullied Beauty; sound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleased;
Health, ever-blooming; unambitious Toil;
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.
Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpierced, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urged or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let *this* through cities work his eager way
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and *that* ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these*
Ensnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and *those*, of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state:
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man who, from the world escaped,

In still retreats and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes, in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempè wont to wave,
Or Hæmus cool, reads what the Muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes; and oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seized by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and, through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclosed and kindled by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred, too, and love, he feels;

The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twined around his neck,
And, emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man!
  Oh, Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way: the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and, higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift:
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal, if the blood
In sluggish streams about my heart forbid
That best ambition, under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from Thee!

WINTER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of WILMINGTON. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter evening described;—as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train—
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme;
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! With frequent foot,
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nursed by careless Solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,—
Pleased have I wander'd through your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the South
Look'd out the joyous Spring,—look'd out, and smiled.

To thee, the patron of this *first* essay,
The Muse, O WILMINGTON! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the Wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds;
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy, could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description and with manly thought!
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul,
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit, regularly free;—
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what Envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur-Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the Sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as, clothed in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon descending, to the long dark night,

Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd, while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.
  Then comes the Father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,

And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,—
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the roused-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.
Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year!
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul,
That sees astonish'd,—and astonish'd sings!
Ye too, ye winds, that now begin to blow
With boisterous sweep! I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
Where your aërial magazines reserved,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
In what far-distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?
When from the pallid sky the Sun descends,

With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey; while, rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd East, the Moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid, fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
That, solemn sounding, bids the world prepare.

Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Through the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce-conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn.
Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds, across the howling waste
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
  Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders, and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
Dash'd down and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;

And, on the cottage thatch'd or lordly roof
Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.
Huge Uproar lords it wide. The clouds, commix'd
With stars swift-gliding, sweep along the sky.
All Nature reels: till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then, straight, air, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.
As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night,
And Contemplation, her sedate compeer:
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.
Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A scene of crude, disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolved,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
Oh, teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit; and feed my soul

With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,—
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!
  The keener tempests come: and fuming dun
From all the livid East or piercing North,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar heads; and, ere the languid Sun
Faint from the West emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:

Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms—dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men—the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispersed,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.
Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing East,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urged,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipp'd with a wreath high-curling in the sky.
As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All Winter drives along the darken'd air,
In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown, joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home: the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!

What black despair, what horror fills his heart,
When, for the dusky spot which Fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild!
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,—
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,

Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;—
Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain :
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame : how many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man :
How many pine in want and dungeon-glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs : how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery : sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty : how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,—
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse :
Even in the vale where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep-retired distress : how many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate ;
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;

And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.
And here can I forget the generous band[1]
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail,
Unpitied and unheard where Misery moans,
Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn,
And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice?
While in the land of liberty—the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom—little tyrants raged;
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd or bled.
O great design! if executed well,
With patent care and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.
The toils of law,—what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added, to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade,—
How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right!
By wintry famine roused, from all the tract

[1] 'Generous band:' the Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,
And wavy Apennines, and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands,—
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!—
Assembling wolves in ranging troops descend,
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Even Beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless, undistinguish'd prey.
But if, apprized of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lured by the scent,
On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl.
  Among those hilly regions where, embraced
In peaceful vales, the happy Grisons dwell;
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud-thundering, down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves;
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind
With arts, with arms, and humanized a world.
Roused at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-lived volume; and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades, that, slowly rising, pass
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,
That voice of God within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearless or in life or death:
Great moral teacher! wisest of mankind!
Solon the next, who built his commonweal
On equity's wide base; by tender laws
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurell'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequall'd shone,
The pride of smiling Greece and human-kind.
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
All human passions. Following him I see,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,

The firm devoted chief,[1] who proved by deeds
The hardest lesson which the other taught.
Then Aristides lifts his honest front;
Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
Of Freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
In pure majestic poverty revered;
Who, even his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, swell'd a haughty rival's[2] fame.
Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears
Cimon sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every splendid art;
Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth.
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
Timoleon, temper'd happy, mild and firm,
Who wept the brother, while the tyrant bled:
And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair,[3]
Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
Their country raised to freedom, empire, fame.
He, too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
Phocion the Good; in public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt
To save a rotten state—Agis, who saw

[1] 'Devoted chief:' Leonidas.—[2] 'Haughty rival:' Themistocles.—[3] 'Theban Pair:' Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achaian heroes close the train:—
Aratus, who a while relumed the soul
Of fondly lingering Liberty in Greece:
And he, her darling, as her latest hope,
The gallant Philopœmen, who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
Of rougher front, a mighty people come,
A race of heroes, in those virtuous times
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
Their dearest country they too fondly loved.
Her *better founder* first, the Light of Rome,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons:
Servius the *king* who laid the solid base
On which o'er earth the vast *republic* spread.
Then the great consuls venerable rise:—
The Public Father[1] who the private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal, sternly sad:
He, whom his thankless country could not lose,
Camillus, only vengeful to her foes:
Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;
And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough:
Thy willing victim,[2] Carthage, bursting loose
From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid Faith
Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire command:
Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade
With Friendship and Philosophy retired:
Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while

[1] 'Public Father:' Marcus Junius Brutus.—[2] 'Victim:' Regulus.

Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome:
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme:
And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
Whose steady arm, by awful Virtue urged,
Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.
Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?
Behold, who yonder comes! in sober state,
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan swain!
Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of song! and equal by his side,
The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
Transported Athens with the moral scene;
Nor those who, tuneful, waked th' enchanting lyre.
First of your kind! society divine!
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserved,
And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refined,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend,
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart;
For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.
Where art thou, Hammond? thou the darling pride,

The friend and lover, of the tuneful throng!
Ah! why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame
Which stung thy fervent breast, that treasured store
Of knowledge early gain'd? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots who sustain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit, that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtue smile?
Ah! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!
  Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspired;
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late rising from the void of night,
Or sprung eternal from th' ETERNAL MIND;
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds,
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to the astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral world,
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order, fitted and impell'd
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In general good. The sage Historic Muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time;
Show us how empire grew, declined, and fell,

In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul,
Then, even superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life: or, snatch'd away by Hope
Through the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness and wonder, where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise;
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
  Meantime the village rouses up the fire,
While, well attested, and as well believed,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,

Easily pleased; the long, loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.
  The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd and evolved a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens; beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, a gay insect in *his* Summer shine,
The fop, light fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.
  Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks,
Othello rages, poor Monimia mourns,
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek. Or else the Comic Muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair, impartial laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil[1] show'd.
  O thou whose wisdom, solid, yet refined,

[1] 'Bevil:' see Steele's 'Conscious Lovers.'

Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire,
Give thee with pleasing dignity to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy
Of polish'd life; permit the Rural Muse,
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song!
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train
(For every Muse has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
To mark that spirit which, with British scorn,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of nature, which, with Attic point,
And kind, well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause!
Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild Persuasion wears;
Thou to assenting Reason givest again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient Passions on thy voice attend;
And even reluctant Party feels a while
Thy gracious power; as through the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy loved haunt return, my happy Muse:
For now, behold, the joyous winter days,
Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies,
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere, and binds
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace
Constringent; feeds and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain,
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
What art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Derived, thou secret, all-invading power,
Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shaped
Like double wedges, and diffused immense
Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep-suffused,
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career

Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
Let down the flood and half dissolved by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,
The whole imprison'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village-dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant waterfall
Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread
Of traveller the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on,
Till Morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancied figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the frost refined the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks

His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.
  On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolved; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train, the raptured boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The *then gay* land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.
  Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
But soon elapsed. The horizontal Sun
Broad o'er the south hangs at his utmost noon:
And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those who, with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season, desolate the fields,

And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.
But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone,
Where for relentless months continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.
There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the Frozen Main;
And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbour:—tipp'd with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables, of glossy black; and, dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and, scarce his head
Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race: with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' ensanguined snows,

And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There through the piny forest, half absorb'd,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn,
Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase;
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.
  Wide o'er the spacious regions of the North,
That see Boötes urge his tardy wain,
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus[1] pierced,
Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relumed the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
Drove martial horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled South,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives;
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time,
And through the restless, ever-tortured maze
Of pleasure or ambition bid it rage.
Their reindeer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, or, far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed.

[1] 'Caurus:' the north-west wind.

By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With double lustre from the glossy waste,
Even in the depth of polar night, they find
A wondrous day; enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.
Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy South,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome Sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve;
Till, seen at last for gay rejoicing months,
Still, round and round, his spiral course he winds,
And, as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and re-ascends the sky.
In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
Where pure Niëmi's[1] fairy mountains rise,
And fringed with roses Tenglio[2] rolls his stream,
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
They cheerful-loaded to their tents repair,
Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty secured
From legal plunder and rapacious power;
In whom fell interest never yet has sown
The seeds of vice; whose spotless swains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.
  Still pressing on, beyond Tornêa's lake,
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the Pole itself,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,

[1] 'Niëmi:' a beautiful ridge in Lapland, said to be haunted by fairies.—
[2] 'Tenglio:' a river in Lapland fringed by roses.

The Muse expands her solitary flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath another sky.
Throned in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;
And through his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard.
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe.
  Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where, undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;
And icy mountains high, on mountains piled,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps; or, rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid Pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they,
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,

Falls horrible! Such was the Briton's[1] fate,
As with first prow (what have not Britons dared?)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.
  Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men;
And, half enliven'd by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudest form.
Deep from the piercing Season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immersed in furs,
Doze the gross race: nor sprightly jest, nor song,
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without:
Till Morn at length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.
  What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding man? Wide-stretching from these shores,
A people savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,
By heaven inspired, from Gothic darkness call'd.
Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! He
His stubborn country tamed,—her rocks, her fens,

[1] 'Briton:' Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the north-east passage.

Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce barbarian he subdued,
To more exalted soul he raised the man.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Through long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince,
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power;
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
And, roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool;
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, or of martial skill!
Charged with the stores of Europe, home he goes:
Then cities rise amid th' illumined waste;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd;
Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
The frantic Alexander of the North,
And aweing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the royal hand that roused the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:
For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforced,
More potent still, his great *example* show'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-blustering from the South. Subdued,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.

Spotted the mountains shine : loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
That wash'd th' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty North,
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
And, hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charged,
That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?—
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosen'd brine ; while through the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet PROVIDENCE, that *ever-waking* Eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done ! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,

And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness, those unsolid hopes
Of happiness, those longings after fame,
Those restless cares, those busy bustling days,
Those gay-spent festive nights, those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high.—And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn, the second birth
Of heaven and earth! Awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To Reason's eye refined clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER
And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died neglected; why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul;
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude, while Luxury
In palaces lay straining her low thought

To form unreal wants; why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge; why licensed Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few, who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure! yet bear up a while
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these
Are but the varied GOD! The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing

Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.
  Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty Hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
  Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join, and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,

A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round!
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns,
And His *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise!
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;

And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute, my Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
  Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since GOD is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.——But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive Silence, muse His praise!

LIBERTY:

A Poem, in Five Parts.

PART I. ANCIENT AND MODERN ITALY COMPARED.

CONTENTS.

The following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical Vision. Its scene, the ruins of ancient Rome. The Goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears, characterised as British Liberty. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory. This contrasted by modern Italy; its valleys, mountains, culture, cities, people: the difference appearing strongest in the capital city, Rome. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. The old Romans apostrophised with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tusculum, and Naples. That once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the coast of Baiæ, how changed. This desolation of Italy applied to Britain. Address to the Goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce from the first ages her chief establishments, the description of which constitute the subject of the following parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain; whose happiness, arising from freedom and a limited monarchy, she marks. An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

O MY lamented TALBOT! while with thee
The Muse gay roved the glad Hesperian round,
And drew th' inspiring breath of ancient arts;
Ah! little thought she her returning verse

Should sing our darling subject to thy Shade.
And does the mystic veil from mortal beam
Involve those eyes where every virtue smiled,
And all thy Father's candid spirit shone ?—
The light of reason, pure, without a cloud ;
Full of the generous heart, the mild regard ;
Honour disdaining blemish, cordial faith,
And limpid truth, that looks the very soul.
But to the death of mighty nations turn
My strain ; be there absorb'd the private tear.
  Musing I lay, warm from the sacred walks,
Where at each step imagination burns ;
While, scatter'd wide around, awful and hoar,
Lies, a vast monument, once-glorious Rome,
The tomb of empire ! ruins that efface
Whate'er of finish'd modern pomp can boast!
  Snatch'd by these wonders to that world where thought
Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand
Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,
Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn dress'd ;
When straight, methought, the fair majestic Power
Of Liberty appear'd. Not, as of old,
Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,
Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life ;
But her bright temples bound with British oak,
And naval honours nodded on her brow.
Sublime of port : loose o'er her shoulder flow'd
Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.
An island-goddess now ; and her high care
The Queen of Isles, the mistress of the main.
My heart beat filial transport at the sight ;
And, as she moved to speak, th' awaken'd Muse
Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around,

With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd;
And then, her sighs repressing, thus began :—
" Mine are these wonders, all thou seest is mine;
But ah, how changed! the falling poor remains
Of what exalted once th' Ausonian shore.
Look back through time; and, rising from the gloom,
Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say.
" The great Republic see! that glow'd sublime
With the mix'd freedom of a thousand states;
Raised on the thrones of kings her Curule Chair,
And by her Fasces awed the subject world.
See busy millions quickening all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high:
For Nature then smiled on her free-born sons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to men.
Behold, the country cheering, villas rise
In lively prospect, by the secret lapse
Of brooks now lost and streams renown'd in song:
In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale;
On Baiæ's viny coast, where peaceful seas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore,
And suns unclouded shine through purest air:
Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome;
Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade,
To where Prenesté lifts her airy brow;
Or downward spreading to the sunny shore,
Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.
" See distant mountains leave their valleys dry,
And o'er the proud Arcade their tribute pour
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads:

By various nations trod, and suppliant kings;
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.
" Full in the centre of these wondrous works,
The pride of earth! Rome in her glory see!
Behold her demigods, in senate met;
All head to counsel, and all heart to act:
The commonweal inspiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbribed and bold;
Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd
To rank obedient to a master's voice.
" Her Forum see, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two Sires,[1]
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the state.
See Justice judging there in human shape.
Hark how with Freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.
" Her Tribes, her Census, see; her generous troops,
Whose pay was glory, and their best reward
Free for their country and for me to die,
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
" Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.
" Her festive games, the school of heroes, see;
Her Circus, ardent with contending youth;
Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldest-born,
And of a people cast in Virtue's mould:
While Sculpture lives around, and Asian hills
Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome:
All that to Roman strength the softer touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this sun, this centre of mankind;

[1] 'Two Sires:' L. J. Brutus and Virginius.

Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,
Attracted strong, in heighten'd lustre met.
"Need I the contrast mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government and arts,
In virtue, genius, earth and heaven, reversed,
Who, but these far-famed ruins to behold,—
Proofs of a people whose heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere
Of doubting modern life; who, but inflamed
With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes
Of men and deeds to trace,—unhappy land,
Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway?
"Are these the vales that once exulting states
In their warm bosom fed? the mountains these,
On whose high-blooming sides my sons of old
I bred to glory? these dejected towns,
Where, mean and sordid, life can scarce subsist,
The scenes of ancient opulence and pomp?
"Come! by whatever sacred name disguised,—
Oppression, come! and in thy works rejoice!
See Nature's richest plains to putrid fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From their cheerful bounds,
See razed th' enlivening village, farm, and seat.
First, rural Toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plough;
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe.
'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
Who loves at large along the grassy downs
His flocks to pasture, thy drear champaign flies.
Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
'Tis now one desert, desolate and grey,
Grazed by the sullen buffalo alone;
And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the passing gale.

Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste;
While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are seen no more.
" Such thy dire plains, thou *self-destroyer!* foe
To human-kind! Thy mountains, too, profuse,
Where savage Nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
To raise against thy desolating rod.
There on the breezy brow, where thriving states,
And famous cities, once, to the pleased Sun
Far other scenes of rising culture spread,
Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,
Each harvest pines, the livid, lean produce
Of heartless labour; while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.
Better to sink in sloth the woes of life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence drooping Art almost to Nature leaves
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres; thin the radiant blush
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray.
To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
Nor juice Cæcubian, nor Falernian, more
Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl.
Unseconded by art, the spinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows,
And flowering plants perfume the desert gale;
Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines:
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.

" Nor half thy triumph this: cast, from brute fields,
Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn;
The grace and virtue of exterior life,
No clean Convenience reigns; even Sleep itself,
Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd,
See streets whose echoes never know the voice
Of cheerful Hurry, Commerce many-tongued,
And Art mechanic at his various task,
Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race,
Of occupation void, as void of hope;
Hope, the glad ray, glanced from Eternal Good,
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
With views of fortune,—madness all to them!
By thee relentless seized their better joys,
To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly,
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
And love and music melt their souls away.
From feeble Justice see how rash Revenge,
Trembling, the balance snatches; and the sword,
Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives.
See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,
With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.
" But chief let Rome, the mighty city, speak
The full-exerted genius of thy reign!
Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste,
Expiring Nature all corrupted round;
While the lone Tiber, through the desert plain,
Winds his waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.
Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
Mark how the temple glares, and, artful dress'd,
Amusive, draws the superstitious train!

Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often in magnific jail
Proud Want;—a deep, unanimated gloom!
And oft adjoining to the drear abode
Of Misery, whose melancholy walls
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
Within the city bounds, the desert see.
See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs
Indecent spread; beneath whose fretted gold
It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,
Matchless, while fired by me; to public good
Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
Elate with glory, an heroic soul
Known to the vulgar breast: behold them now
A thin despairing number, all-subdued,
The slaves of slaves, by Superstition fool'd,
By Vice unmann'd and a licentious rule,
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.
Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
Thy sons, Oppression, are; and such were mine.
" Even with thy labour'd pomp—for whose vain show
Deluded thousands starve; all age-begrimed,
Torn, robb'd, and scatter'd in unnumber'd sacks,
And by the tempest of two thousand years
Continual shaken—let my Ruins vie;
These roads, that yet the Roman hand assert,
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil;
These fractured arches, that the chiding stream
No more delighted hear; these rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbibed
Each parent ray; these massy columns, hew'd
From Afric's farthest shore; one granite all,
These obelisks high-towering to the sky,

Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
These endless wonders that this Sacred Way[1]
Illumine still, and consecrate to fame;
These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charged
With the fine stores of art-completing Greece.
Mine is, besides, thy every later boast:
Thy Buonarotis, thy Palladios, mine;
And mine the fair designs which Raphael's soul
O'er the live canvas emanating breathed.
"What would you say, ye conquerors of earth!
Ye Romans! could you raise the laurell'd head;
Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
And the dread toil of ages, won so dear;
Your pride, your triumph, your supreme delight,
For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
You rush'd with rapture down the gulf of fate,
Of death ambitious! till, by awful deeds,
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
The queen of nations rose; possess'd of all
Which Nature, Art, and Glory could bestow;—
What would you say, deep in the last abyss
Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,
Thus to behold her sunk? Your crowded plains
Void of their cities; unadorn'd your hills;
Ungraced your lakes; your ports to ships unknown;
Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams:
These could you know? these could you love again?
Thy Tiber, Horace, could it now inspire
Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,
Soon bursting into song; while through the groves
Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale
In many a tortured stream, you mused along?

[1] 'Sacred Way:' Via Sacra.

Yon wild retreat, where Superstition dreams,
Could, Tully, you your Tusculum[1] believe?
And could you deem yon naked hills, that form,
Famed in old song, the ship-forsaken bay,[2]
Your Formian shore? once the delight of earth,
Where Art and Nature, ever-smiling, join'd
On the gay land to lavish all their stores.
How changed, how vacant, Virgil, wide around,
Would now your Naples seem! disaster'd less
By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast,
His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
Than by despotic rage: *that* inward gnaws,
A native foe: a *foreign*, tears without.
First from your flatter'd Cæsars this began;
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the siren plain,[3]
That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd;
And wrapp'd in weeds the shore of Venus[4] lies.
There Baiæ sees no more the joyous throng,
Her bank all beaming with the pride of Rome:
No generous vines now bask along the hills,
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
With baths and temples mix'd, no villas rise;
Nor, art-sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep:
No spreading ports their sacred arms extend:
No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,
From the calm station, roll resounding back.
An almost total desolation sits,

[1] 'Tusculum' is reckoned to have stood at a place now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks. — [2] 'Ship-forsaken bay:' the bay of Mola (anciently Formiæ), into which Homer brings Ulysses and his companions. Near Formiæ, Cicero had a villa. — [3] 'Siren plain:' Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua. — [4] 'Shore of Venus:' the coast of Baiæ, where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.

A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast;
Where, when soft suns and tepid winters rose,
Rejoicing crowds inhaled the balm of peace;
Where citied hill to hill reflected blaze;
And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,
Even Nature yields, by fire and earthquake rent;
Whole stately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid,
A nest for serpents; from the red abyss
New hills, explosive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
A reedy pool; and all to Cuma's point,
The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the buried dome.
" Hence, Britain, learn; my best-establish'd, last,
And, more than Greece or Rome, my steady reign;
The land where, King and People equal bound
By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow;
And where my jealous, unsubmitting soul,
The dread of tyrants! burns in every breast;—
Learn hence, if such the miserable fate
Of an heroic race, the masters once
Of human-kind, what, when deprived of me,
How grievous, must be thine! In spite of climes,
Whose sun-enliven'd ether wakes the soul
To higher powers; in spite of happy soils,
That, but by Labour's slightest aid impell'd,
With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown;
If there desponding fail the common arts
And sustenance of life; could life itself,
Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
Subsist with thee? Against depressing skies,
Join'd to full-spread Oppression's cloudy brow,
How could thy spirits hold? where vigour find,

Forced fruits to tear from their unnative soil?
Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,
To plough the dreadful, all-producing wave?"
  Here paused the Goddess. By the pause assured,
In trembling accents thus I moved my prayer:
" O first and most benevolent of powers!
Come from eternal splendours, here on earth,
Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
To shield mankind; to raise them to assert
The native rights and honour of their race:
Teach me, thy lowest subject, but in zeal
Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,
And with a strain from thee enrich the Muse.
As thee alone she serves, her patron thou
And great inspirer be! Then will she joy,
Through narrow life her lot and private shade.
And when her venal voice she barters vile,
Or to thy open or thy secret foes,
May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,
By slavish hearts unfelt! and may her song
Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew,
Vermin of state! to thy o'erflowing light
That owe their being, yet betray thy cause."
  Then, condescending kind, the heavenly Power
Return'd: " What here, suggested by the scene,
I slight unfold, record and sing at home,
In that blest isle, where (so we spirits move)
With one quick effort of my will I am.
There Truth unlicensed walks, and dares accost
Even kings themselves, the monarchs of the free!
Fix'd on my rock, there an indulgent race
O'er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice:
And there, to finish what his sires began,
A prince behold, for me who burns sincere,

Even with a subject's zeal. He my great work
Will, parent-like, sustain; and added give
The touch the Graces and the Muses owe.
For Britain's glory swells his panting breast;
And ancient arts he emulous revolves:
His pride, to let the smiling heart abroad,
Through clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man;
To please, his pleasure; bounty, his delight;
And all the soul of Titus dwells in him."
  Hail, glorious theme! But how, alas! shall verse,
From the crude stores of mortal language drawn,
How, faint and tedious, sing what, piercing deep,
The Goddess flash'd at once upon my soul?
For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods
Is harmony itself; to every ear
Familiar known, like light to every eye.
Meantime disclosing ages, as she spoke,
In long succession pour'd their empires forth;
Scene after scene, the human drama spread;
And still th' embodied picture rose to sight.
  O thou to whom the Muses owe their flame;
Who bidd'st beneath the pole Parnassus rise,
And Hippocrenè flow; with thy bold ease,
The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,
And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound and clear,
O gracious Goddess! re-inspire my song;
While I, to nobler than poetic fame
Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear.

PART II. GREECE.

CONTENTS

Liberty traced from the pastoral ages, and the first uniting of neighbouring families into civil government. The several establishments of Liberty, in Egypt, Persia, Phœnicia, Palestine, slightly touched upon, down to her great establishment in Greece. Geographical description of Greece. Sparta and Athens, the two principal states of Greece, described. Influence of Liberty over all the Grecian states, with regard to their Government, their Politeness, their Virtues, their Arts and Sciences. The vast superiority it gave them, in point of force and bravery, over the Persians, exemplified by the action of Thermopylæ, the battle of Marathon, and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Its full exertion and most beautiful effects in Athens. Liberty the source of free philosophy. The various schools which took their rise from Socrates. Enumeration of Fine Arts: Eloquence, Poetry, Music, Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; the effects of Liberty in Greece, and brought to their utmost perfection there. Transition to the modern state of Greece. Why Liberty declined, and was at last entirely lost, among the Greeks. Concluding Reflection.

THUS spoke the Goddess of the fearless eye,
And, at her voice, renew'd, the Vision rose :—
"First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I lived;
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
In search of clearer spring and fresher field.
These, as increasing families disclosed
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm-o'erspread,
The father-senate met. There Justice dealt,
With Reason then and Equity the same,

Free as the common air, her prompt decree ;
Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subject's blood.
The simpler arts were all their simple wants
Had urged to light. But instant, these supplied,
Another set of fonder wants arose,
And other arts with them of finer aim ;
Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
The mind by thinking push'd her latent powers,
And life began to glow, and arts to shine.
" At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
Launch'd the rude spear ; swift, as he glared along,
On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
For then young sportive Life was void of toil,
Demanding little, and with little pleased :
But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
Led on by equal toils, the bosom fired,
Lewd, lazy Rapine broke primeval peace,
And, hid in caves and idle forests drear,
From the lone pilgrim and the wandering swain,
Seized what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood
First, horrid, smoked on the polluted skies.
Awful in justice, then the burning youth,
Led by their temper'd sires, on lawless men,
The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow and the sharpen'd spear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose,
Who, scorning coward self, for others lived,
Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled.
West with the living day to Greece I came :
Earth smiled beneath my beam : the Muse before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
Had tuned the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain ;
But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.

"For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook:
A boastful race, that in the vain abyss
Of fabling ages loved to lose their source,
And, with their river, traced it from the skies.
While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,
And king, as well as people, proud obey'd,
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts;
By poets, sages, legislators sought;
The school of polish'd life and human-kind.
But when mysterious Superstition came,
And, with her Civil Sister[1] leagued, involved
In studied darkness the desponding mind,
Then tyrant Power the righteous scourge unloosed:
For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave.
Instead of useful works, like Nature's, great,
Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land;
And round a tyrant's tomb,[2] who none deserved,
For one vile carcass perish'd countless lives.
Then the great Dragon,[3] couch'd amid his floods,
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cried—'This flood is mine,
'Tis I that bid it flow.' But, undeceived,
His frenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt;
Felt that, without my fertilizing power,
Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain.
Nought could retard me: nor the frugal state
Of rising Persia, sober in extreme,
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence reversed
Into luxurious waste: nor yet the ports
Of old Phœnicia, first for letters famed,
That paint the voice, and silent speak to sight,
Of arts prime source and guardian; by fair stars
First tempted out into the lonely deep;

[1] 'Civil Sister:' civil tyranny. — [2] 'Tyrant's tomb:' the pyramids. — [3] 'Dragon:' the tyrants of Egypt; see Ezekiel xxix.

To whom I first disclosed mechanic arts,
The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves,
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade;
Earnest of Britain. Nor by these retain'd;
Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore
The silver Jordan laves. Before me lay
The promised land of Arts, and urged my flight.
"Hail, Nature's utmost boast! unrivall'd Greece!
My fairest reign! where every power benign
Conspired to blow the flower of human-kind,
And lavish'd all that genius can inspire:—
Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,
Iönian or Ægean, temper'd kind;
Light, airy soils; a country rich and gay;
Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales:
Mountains and streams, where verse spontaneous flow'd;
Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of gods,
And still the mountains and the streams of song:
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and my restless arts
Frame into finish'd life. How many states,
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægean, waves;
To where the deep-adorning Cyclade Isles
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Lybian Main.
"O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanced all. Spread on Eurotas' bank,
Amid a circle of soft-rising hills,
The patient Sparta one: the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city; which no shape

Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a temper'd state,
Where mix'd each government in such just poise,
Each power so checking and supporting each,
That firm for ages and unmoved it stood,
The fort of Greece, without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction or of party-rage.
For, drain'd the springs of wealth, Corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land!
Had not neglected Art, with weedy Vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Loved not the soil; yet there the calm abode
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase
Confined, and press'd into Laconic force.
There too, by rooting thence still treacherous self,
The Public and the Private grew the same;
The children of the nursing Public all,
And at its table fed, for that they toil'd,
For that they lived entire, and even for that
The tender mother urged her son to die.
" Of softer genius, but not less intent
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose:
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health;
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilissus and Cephissus glow'd
This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.
There, passionate for me, an easy-moved,
A quick, refined, a delicate, humane,

Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurried by the charm of speech,
Enforcing hasty counsel immature,
Totter'd the rash Democracy; unpoised,
And by the rage devour'd that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon at last, their mild restorer, rose;
Allay'd the tempest; to the calm of laws
Reduced the settling whole; and, with the weight
Which the two senates[1] to the public lent,
As with an anchor fix'd the driving state.
" Nor was my forming care to these confined:
For emulation through the whole I pour'd,
Noble contention! who should most excel
In government well-poised, adjusted best
To public weal: in countries cultured high;
In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free social life, and polish'd manners fair;
In exercise, and arms—arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride:
In moral science, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflamed,
Felt every ardour burn; their great reward
The verdant wreath which sounding Pisa[2] gave.
" Hence flourish'd Greece: and hence a race of men,
As gods by conscious future times adored;
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,

[1] 'Two senates:' the Areopagus, or supreme court of judicature, which Solon reformed and improved; and the Council of Four Hundred, by him instituted. — [2] 'Pisa:' or Olympia, the city where the Olympic Games were celebrated.

Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,
At the famed Pass,[1] firm as an isthmus stood,
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd;
While in extended battle, at the field
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band a host of slaves.
" Hence through the continent Ten Thousand Greeks
Urged a retreat whose glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deserts in vain
Opposed their course; and hostile lands, unknown,
And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death,
And mountains in whose jaws Destruction grinn'd
Hunger and toil; Armenian snows and storms;
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their steady column pierced the scattering herds
Which a whole empire pour'd, and held its way
Triumphant, by the sage-exalted Chief[2]
Fired and sustain'd. Oh, light and force of mind,
Almost almighty in severe extremes!
The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,
Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw
The soldiers' fond embrace; o'erflow'd their eyes
With tender floods, and loosed the general voice
To cries resounding loud—*The sea! the sea!*
" In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits,
Shone thick as stars, the Milky Way of Greece!
And though gay wit and pleasing grace was theirs,
All the soft modes of elegance and ease;

[1] 'Famed Pass:' the Straits of Thermopylæ.—[2] 'Sage-exalted Chief:' Xenophon.

Yet was not courage less, the patient touch
Of toiling Art, and disquisition deep.
" My spirit pours a vigour through the soul,
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler Science, as in that of Arms.
Athenians thus not less intrepid burst
The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
The Persian chains, while through the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Incessant struggled taste refining taste,
And friendly free discussion, calling forth
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage,[1]
And Father of Philosophy; the sun
From whose white blaze emerged, each various sect
Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam.
Tutor of Athens! he, in every street,
Dealt priceless treasure: goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep through the human heart, with playful art,
His simple question stole, as into truth
And serious deeds he smiled the laughing race,
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless
Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, though plain, his doctrine broke
In different Schools:—the bold poetic phrase
Of figured Plato; Xenophon's pure strain,
Like the clear brook that steals along the vale;
Dissecting truth, the Stagyrite's keen eye;
Th' exalted Stoic pride; the Cynic sneer;
The slow-consenting Academic doubt;
And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease

[1] 'Athenian Sage:' Socrates.

Of Epicurus, seldom understood.
They, ever candid, reason still opposed
To reason; and, since virtue was their aim,
Each by sure practice tried to prove *his* way
The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base
Of Liberty, the Liberty of Mind:
For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,
Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.
From priestly darkness sprung th' enlightening arts
Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.
" O Greece! thou sapient nurse of Finer Arts,
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore!
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
In these hast led the way, in these excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time.
" In thy full language, speaking mighty things;
Like a clear torrent close, or else diffused
A broad majestic stream, and rolling on
Through all the winding harmony of sound;
In it the power of Eloquence, at large,
Breathed the persuasive or pathetic soul;
Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,
Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops.
In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd
By mean unyielding phrase or jarring sound,
Her unconfined divinity display'd,
And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will;
Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan,
Or raised it swelling to the tongue of gods.
" Heroic song was thine; the Fountain-Bard,[1]
Whence each poetic stream derives its course.
Thine the dread moral scene, thy chief delight!

[1] 'Fountain-Bard:' Homer.

Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice,
When Reason spoke august; the fervent heart
Or plain'd, or storm'd; and in th' impassion'd man,
Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.
This potent school of manners—but, when left
To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague—
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care
And boundless cost by thee; whose every son,
Even last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.
" The sweet enforcer of the Poet's strain,
Thine was the meaning Music of the heart:
Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
But that deep-searching voice and artful hand
To which respondent shakes the varied soul.
" Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagined, by the Graces touch'd,
The boast of well-pleased Nature, Sculpture seized,
And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left even Nature's self behind.
From those far different, whose prolific hand
Peoples a nation, they, for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Through the live features of one breathing stone.
There, beaming full, it shone, expressing gods,—
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of sinew'd Mars,
Or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
Minutely perfect all! each dimple sunk,
And every muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.

In tresses, braided gay, the marble waved;
Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils;
Sprung into motion; soften'd into flesh;
Was fired to passion, or refined to soul.
" Nor less thy Pencil, with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames,
Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal smiled,
The Soul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love,
Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.
Even such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
Dash'd to the ground; and, rather than destroy
The patriot picture,[1] let the city 'scape.
" First elder Sculpture taught her sister art
Correct design, where great ideas shone,
And in the secret trace expression spoke:
Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn
And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
Or bold or easy; and, cast free behind,
The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow.
Then the bright Muse, their eldest sister, came,
And bade her follow where she led the way;
Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise,
And copious action on the canvas glow;
Gave her gay Fable; spread Invention's store;
Enlarged her View; taught Composition high,
And just Arrangement, circling round one point,
That starts to sight, binds and commands the whole.
Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,

[1] 'Patriot picture:' when Demetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by setting fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of the celebrated Protogenes, he chose rather to raise the siege than hazard the burning of a famous picture called Ialysus, the masterpiece of that painter.

And scorning the soft trade of mere delight,
O'er all thy temples, porticoes, and schools,
Heroic deeds she traced, and warm display'd
Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
There, as th' imagined presence of the god
Aroused the mind, or vacant hours induced
Calm contemplation, or assembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
The living lesson stole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
These rouse to glory; while, to rural life,
The softer canvas oft reposed the soul.
There gaily broke the sun-illumined cloud;
The lessening prospect, and the mountain blue,
Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd dire;
White, down the rock, the rushing torrent dash'd;
The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main;
The tempest foam'd, immense; the driving storm
Sadden'd the skies; and, from the doubling gloom
On the scathed oak the ragged lightning fell;
In closing shades, and where the current strays,
With Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,
Piped the lone shepherd to his feeding flock:
Round happy parents smiled their younger selves;
And friends conversed, by death divided long.

"To public Virtue thus the smiling Arts,
Unblemish'd handmaids, served; the Graces they
To dress this fairest Venus. Thus revered,
And placed beyond the reach of sordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great masters strove;
Courted by kings, and by contending states
Assumed the boasted honour of their birth.

"In Architecture, too, thy rank supreme!

That art where most magnificent appears
The little builder, man; by thee refined,
And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of shame;
Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore
Shot, all proportion, up. First, unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;
Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heaved; luxuriant, last,
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath:
The whole so measured true, so lessen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aërial rise.

"These were the wonders that illumined Greece,
From end to end"——Here, interrupting warm,
"Where are they now?" I cried; "say, Goddess, where?
And what the land, thy darling thus of old?"
"Sunk!" she resumed: "deep in the kindred gloom
Of Superstition and of Slavery sunk!
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
By loose dejected sloth and servile fear;
No science pierce the darkness of their minds;
No nobler art the quick ambitious soul
Of imitation in their breast awake.
Even, to supply the needful arts of life,
Mechanic Toil denies the hopeless hand;
Scarce any trace remaining, vestige grey,
Or nodding column on the desert shore,
To point where Corinth or where Athens stood:
A faithless land of violence and death;

Where Commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore ;
And his wild impulse curious Search restrains,
Afraid to trust th' inhospitable clime !
Neglected Nature fails ; in sordid want
Sunk and debased, their beauty beams no more.
The Sun himself seems, angry, to regard
Of light unworthy the degenerate race,
And fires them oft with pestilential rays :
While Earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides.
But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,
Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,
So States must die and Liberty go round.
" Fierce was the stand, ere Virtue, Valour, Arts,
And the soul fired by me (that often, stung
With thoughts of better times and old renown,
From hydra-tyrants tried to clear the land),
Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effaced,
And gross o'er all unfeeling bondage spread.
Sooner I moved my much-reluctant flight,
Poised on the doubtful wing ; when Greece with Greece
Embroil'd in foul contention fought no more
For common glory and for common weal ;
But, false to Freedom, sought to quell the free ;
Broke the firm band of Peace and sacred Love,
That lent the whole irrefragable force ;
And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,
Prepared the way for total overthrow.
Then to the Persian power, whose pride they scorn'd,
When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
Sparta, by turns, and Athens, vilely sued,—
Sued to be venal parricides, to spill
Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves
To turn their matchless mercenary arms.

Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the Great King ;[1]
And by the trick of treaties, the still waste
Of sly corruption, and barbaric gold,
Effected what his steel could ne'er perform.
Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land ; unbalanced wide
Their tottering states ; their wild assemblies ruled,
As the winds turn at every blast the seas ;
And by their listed orators, whose breath
Still with a factious storm infested Greece,
Roused them to civil war, or dash'd them down
To sordid peace,[2]—peace that, when Sparta shook
Astonish'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore,
Their kindred cities to perpetual chains!
What could so base, so infamous a thought
In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw
Respiring Athens rear again her walls ;
And the pale Fury fired them, once again
To crush this rival city to the dust.
For now no more the noble social soul
Of Liberty my families combined ;
But, by short views and selfish passions broke,
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
They mix'd severe, and waged eternal war :
Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force ;
Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,
Saw how the blackening storm from Thracia came.
Long years roll'd on, by many a battle stain'd,[3]
The blush and boast of Fame! where courage, art,
And military glory shone supreme :—

[1] 'Great King,' of Persia. — [2] 'Sordid peace:' the peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedemonian admiral, with the Persians; by which the Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the Lesser Asia to the dominion of the King of Persia. — [3] 'By many a battle stain'd:' the Peloponnesian war.

But let detesting ages from the scene
Of Greece self-mangled turn the sickening eye.
At last, when, bleeding from a thousand wounds,
She felt her spirits fail; and in the dust
Her latest heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
Agesilaus, and the Theban Friends:[1]
The Macedonian vulture mark'd his time,
By the dire scent of Cheronæa[2] lured,
And, fierce descending, seized his hapless prey.
" Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke
Greece, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold;
For every grace, and Muse, and science born;
With arts of war, of government, elate;
To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best;
Whom I myself could scarcely rule: and thus
The Persian fetters, that enthrall'd the mind,
Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
" Unless Corruption first deject the pride
And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
All crude attempts of Violence are vain;
For, firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by Force was Freedom overcome.
But soon as Independence stoops the head,
To Vice enslaved, and Vice-created wants;
Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
These heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds;
From man to man the slackening ruin runs,
Till the whole State unnerved in Slavery sinks."

[1] 'Theban Friends:' Pelopidas and Epaminondas. — [2] 'Cheronæa:' the battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

PART III. ROME.

CONTENTS.

As this Part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which with Sicily constituted the Great Greece of the ancients. With these colonies the Spirit of Liberty and of Republics spreads over Italy. Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through those free states and cities. Amidst the many small republics in Italy, Rome the destined seat of Liberty. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece. Reference to a view of the Roman Republic given in the *First* Part of this Poem; to mark its *Rise* and *Fall* the peculiar purport of *this*. During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty and Virtue exerted. The source whence derived the Heroic Virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of these Virtues. Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire, abroad. Bounds of the Roman Empire geographically described. The States of Greece restored to Liberty by Titus Quintius Flaminius, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence. The loss of Liberty in Rome. Its causes, progress, and completion in the death of Brutus. Rome under the Emperors. From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the Northern Nations; where, by infusing into them her spirit and general principles, she lays the groundwork of her future establishments; sends them in vengeance on the Roman Empire, now totally enslaved; and then, with Arts and Sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages. The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

HERE melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms
That painted still whate'er the Goddess sung.
Then I, impatient: "From extinguish'd Greece,
To what new region stream'd the human day?"
She softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves,
Resign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
Resumed: "Indignant, these last scenes I fled;
And long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff

And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
All Latium stood aroused. Ages before,
Great mother of republics, Greece had pour'd,
Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around.
On Asia, Afric, Sicily, they stoop'd;
But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore;
Where, from Lacinium[1] to Etrurian vales,
They roll'd increasing colonies along,
And lent materials for my Roman reign.
With them my spirit spread; and numerous states
And cities rose, on Grecian models form'd;
As its parental policy and arts
Each had imbibed. Besides, to each assign'd,
A Guardian Genius, o'er the public weal
Kept an unclosing eye; tried to sustain,
Or more sublime, the soul infused by me:
And strong the battle rose, with various wave,
Against the Tyrant Demons of the land.
Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew,
Their flows of fortune, and receding times;
But almost all below the proud regard
Of story vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent
That Truth beyond the flight of Fable bore.
"Not so the Samian Sage; to him belongs
The brightest witness of recording Fame.
For these free states his native isle[2] forsook,
And a vain tyrant's transitory smile,
He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air,
And through Great Greece[3] his gentle wisdom taught;
Wisdom that calm'd for listening years the mind,
Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal.

[1] 'Lacinium:' a promontory in Calabria.—[2] 'Native isle:' Samos, under the tyrant Polycrates.—[3] 'Great Greece:' the southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called because of the Grecian colonies there settled.

His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps
Of boundless ether; where unnumber'd orbs,
Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky
Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
There he the full consenting choir beheld;
There first discern'd the secret band of love,
The kind attraction, that to central suns
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving, all-informing GOD,
The Sun of beings! beaming unconfined
Light, life, and love, and ever-active power;
Whom nought can image, and who best approves
The silent worship of the moral heart,
That joys in bounteous Heaven, and spreads the joy.
Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life,
And bound his reason to the sphere of Man.
He gave the four yet reigning virtues name;
Inspired the study of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws devised
Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd.
He even into his tender system took
Whatever shares the brotherhood of life:
He taught that life's indissoluble flame,
From brute to man, and man to brute again,
For ever shifting, runs th' eternal round;
Thence tried against the blood-polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth,
Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
And not a circling form, but rising whole!
"Amid these small republics one arose,
On yellow Tiber's bank,—almighty Rome,
Fated for me. A nobler spirit warm'd

Her sons; and, roused by tyrants, nobler still
It burn'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chased,
With all their crimes; bade radiant eras rise,
And the long honours of the Consul-line.
"Here from the fairer, not the greater, plan
Of Greece I varied; whose unmixing states,
By the keen soul of emulation pierced,
Long waged alone the bloodless war of arts,
And their *best* empire gain'd. But to diffuse
O'er Men an empire was my purpose now:
To let my martial majesty abroad;
Into the vortex of one state to draw
The whole mix'd force, and Liberty, on earth;
To conquer Tyrants, and set Nations free.
"Already have I given, with flying touch,
A broken view of this my amplest reign.
Now, while its first, last periods you survey,
Mark how it labouring rose, and rapid fell.
"When Rome in noon-tide empire grasp'd the world,
And, soon as her resistless legions shone,
The nations stoop'd around; though then appear'd
Her grandeur most, yet in her dawn of power,
By many a jealous equal people press'd,
Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then;
Then for each Roman I a Hero told;
And every passing sun, and Latian scene,
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,
That or surpass the faith of modern times,
Or, if believed, with sacred horror strike.
"For then, to prove my most exalted power,
I to the point of full perfection push'd,
To fondness and enthusiastic zeal,
The great, the reigning passion of the free:
That godlike passion! which, the bounds of self

Divinely bursting, the whole public takes
Into the heart, enlarged, and burning high
With the mix'd ardour of unnumber'd selves;
Of all who safe beneath the Voted Laws
Of the same parent state, fraternal, live.
" From this kind Sun of Moral Nature flow'd
Virtues that shine the light of human-kind,
And, ray'd through story, warm remotest time.
These virtues, too, reflected to their source,
Increased its flame. The social charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive still,
As more by Virtue mark'd; till Romans, all
One band of friends, unconquerable grew.
" Hence, when their Country raised her plaintive voice,
The voice of pleading Nature was not heard;
And in their hearts the Fathers throbb'd no more:
Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.
Hence sweeten'd Pain, the luxury of toil;
Patience, that baffled Fortune's utmost rage;
High-minded Hope, which at the lowest ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.
Hence Moderation a new conquest gain'd;
As on the vanquish'd, like descending Heaven,
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce.
Hence Independence, with his little pleased,
Serene and self-sufficient, like a god;
In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honest roots to gold preferr'd;
While, truly rich, and by his Sabine field
The *man* maintain'd, the Roman's splendour all

Was in the public wealth and glory placed:
Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough;
Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown
In long majestic flow, to rule the state,
With Wisdom's purest eye; or, clad in steel,
To drive the steady battle on the foe.
Hence every passion, even the proudest, stoop'd
To common-good: Camillus, thy revenge;
Thy glory, Fabius. All-submissive hence,
Consuls, Dictators, still resign'd their rule
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Though Conquest o'er them clapp'd her eagle wings,
Her laurels wreathed, and yoked her snowy steeds
To the triumphal car; soon as expired
The latest hour of sway, taught to submit
(A harder lesson that than to command),
Into the private Roman sunk the chief.
If Rome was served and glorious, careless they
By whom. Their Country's fame they deem'd their own;
And, above envy, in a rival's train
Sung the loud Iös by themselves deserved.
Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's bank,
Hence fell the Fabii; hence the Decii died;
And Curtius plunged into the flaming gulf.
Hence Regulus the wavering Fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counsel never given before;
For Roman honour sued, and his own doom.
Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepared
By Punic rage. On earth his manly look
Relentless fix'd, he from a last embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aside,
His little children climbing for a kiss;
Then dumb, through rows of weeping, wondering friends,
A new illustrious exile! press'd along.

Nor less impatient did he pierce the crowds
Opposing his return, than if, escaped
From long litigious suits, he glad forsook
The noisy town a while and city cloud,
To breathe Venafrian or Tarentine air.
Need I these high particulars recount?
The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame;
Flight their worst death, and shame their only fear;
Life had no charms, nor any terrors Fate,
When Rome and Glory call'd. But, in one view,
Mark the rare boast of these unequall'd times.
Ages revolved unsullied by a crime:
Astræa reign'd, and scarcely needed laws
To bind a race elated with the pride
Of virtue, and disdaining to descend
To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
While war around them raged, in happy Rome
All peaceful smiled; all, save the passing clouds
That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow;
And fair unblemish'd centuries elapsed,
When not a Roman bled but in the field.
Their virtue such, that an unbalanced state,
Still between Noble and Plebeian toss'd,
As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
Was then kept firm, and with triumphant prow
Rode out the storms. Oft though the native feuds,
That from the first their constitution shook
(A latent ruin, growing as *it* grew),
Stood on the threatening point of civil war
Ready to rush: yet could the lenient voice
Of Wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
Those sons of Virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
Unpetrified by Self, so naked lay
And sensible to Truth, that o'er the rage

Of giddy faction, by oppression swell'd,
Prevail'd a simple fable,[1] and at once
To peace recover'd the divided state.
But if their often-cheated hopes refused
The soothing touch, still, in the love of Rome,
The dread Dictator found a sure resource.
Was she assaulted? was her glory stain'd?
One common quarrel wide inflamed the whole.
Foes in the forum, in the field were friends,
By social danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their dearest country all, to die.
" Thus up the hill of empire slow they toil'd:
Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states
Of proud Italia blended into one:
Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
And touch'd the limits of the failing world.
" Let Fancy's eye the distant *lines* unite.
See *that* which borders wild the western main,
Where storms at large resound, and tides immense:
From Caledonia's dim cerulean coast,
And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodged
Amid the restless clouds and leaning heaven,
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
Mark *that* opposed, where first the springing Morn
Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews:
From the dire deserts by the Caspian laved,
To where the Tigris and Euphrates, join'd,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain,
And Blest Arabia aromatic breathes.
See *that* dividing far the watery North,
Parent of floods! from the majestic Rhine,
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars;

[1] 'Simple fable:' that of the belly and the members.

To where the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs
The dead Mæotic pool, or the long Rha[1]
In the black Scythian Sea[2] his torrent throws.
Last, *that* beneath the burning zone behold.
See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains
Of Mauritania to the Lybian sands,
Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waste
A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh:
And farther, to the full Egyptian shore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.
In this vast space what various tongues and states!
What bounding rocks and mountains, floods and seas!
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed!
" O'er Greece descended chief, with stealth divine,
The Roman bounty in a flood of day;
As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp!
Her full-assembled youth innumerous swarm'd.
On a tribunal raised Flaminius sat;
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierced
Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
The Grecian tyrant[3] to his bounds repell'd.
In the high thoughtless gaiety of game,
While sport alone their unambitious hearts
Possess'd, the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
Then thus a herald: 'To the states of Greece
The Roman People, unconfined, restore
Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws:
Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw.'
The crowd, astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
Stared dubious round; some question'd, some exclaim'd

[1] 'Rha:' the ancient name of the Volga.—[2] 'Scythian Sea:' the Caspian.—[3] 'Grecian tyrant:' the King of Macedonia.

(Like one who, dreaming, between hope and fear,
Is lost in anxious joy), 'Be that again,
Be that again proclaim'd, distinct and loud!'
Loud and distinct it was again proclaim'd;
And, still as midnight in the rural shade,
When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.
A while severe Amazement held them mute,
Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven
From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills:
Through all her turrets stately Corinth[1] shook;
And, from the void above of shatter'd air,
The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.
What piercing bliss! how keen a sense of fame
Did then, Flaminius, reach thy inmost soul!
And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then
Escape the fondness of transported Greece!
Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,
They left the sports; like Bacchanals, they flew,
Each other straining in a strict embrace,
Nor strain'd a slave; and loud acclaims till night
Round the Proconsul's tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive hours;
And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm,
Their raptures waked anew. 'Ye gods!' they cried,
'Ye guardian gods of Greece! and are we free?
Was it not madness deem'd the very thought?
And is it true? How did we purchase chains!
At what a dire expense of kindred blood!
And are they now dissolved? and scarce one drop
For the fair first of blessings have we paid?
Courage and conduct in the doubtful field,

[1] 'Corinth:' the Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.

When rages wide the storm of mingling war,
Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends
To turn success and conquest, rarer still:
That the great gods and Romans only know.
Lives there on earth, almost to Greece unknown,
A people so magnanimous, to quit
Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,
And by their blood and treasure, spent for us,
Redeem our states, our liberties, and laws?
There does! there does! O Saviour Titus! Rome!'
Thus through the happy night they pour'd their souls,
And in my last-reflected beams rejoiced.
As when the shepherd, on the mountain-brow,
Sits piping to his flocks and gamesome kids;
Meantime the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,
Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam:
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain;
To western worlds irrevocable roll'd,
Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray."
  Here interposing I: "O Queen of Men,
Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights
Equal they live; though placed, for common good,
Various, or in subjection or command;
And that by common choice: alas! the scene,
With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
Thus she pursued: "Near this great era, Rome
Began to feel the swift approach of Fate,
That now her vitals gain'd; still more and more
Her deep divisions kindling into rage,
And war with chains and desolation charged.
From an unequal balance of her sons
These fierce contentions sprung; and, as increased

This hated inequality, more fierce
They flamed to tumult. Independence fail'd,
Here by luxurious wants, by real there;
And with this virtue, every virtue sunk,
As, with the sliding rock, the pile sustain'd.
A last attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.
On one side swell'd *Aristocratic* Pride;
With Usury, the villain! whose fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul;
And Luxury, rapacious, cruel, mean,
Mother of vice! while on the other crept
A populace in want, with pleasure fired;
Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds,
As the proud feeder bade; inconstant, blind,
Deserting friends at need, and duped by foes;
Loud and seditious, when a chief inspired
Their headlong fury, but, of him deprived,
Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand.
" This firm Republic, that against the blast
Of Opposition rose; that (like an oak,
Nursed on feracious Algidum, whose boughs
Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid axe),
By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself,
Even force and spirit drew; smit with the calm,
The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pined.
Nought now her weighty legions could oppose:
Her terror[1] once, on Afric's tawny shore,
Now smoked in dust, a stabling now for wolves;
And every dreaded power received the yoke.
Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd East,
In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,

[1] 'Her terror:' Carthage.

That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst
For the false joys which Luxury prepares.
Unworthy joys! that wasteful leave behind
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
No secret ray, to glad the conscious soul;
At once involving in one ruin wealth
And wealth-acquiring powers; while stupid Self,
Of narrow gust, and hebetating Sense
Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.
Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth;
Security relax'd the softening state;
And the broad eye of Government lay closed.
No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
And public weal no more: but party raged;
And partial power, and licence unrestrain'd,
Let Discord through the deathful city loose.
First, mild Tiberius,[1] on thy sacred head
The Fury's vengeance fell; the first whose blood
Had, since the consuls, stain'd contending Rome:
Of precedent pernicious! With thee bled
Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,
Three thousand more; till, into battles turn'd
Debates of peace, and forced the trembling laws,
The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,
A scene of barter'd power or reeking gore.
When, half-ashamed, Corruption's thievish arts,
And ruffian Force, begin to sap the mounds
And majesty of laws; if not in time
Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong
The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.
"Thus Luxury, Dissension, a mix'd rage
Of boundless Pleasure and of boundless Wealth,

[1] 'Tiberius:' Tib. Gracchus.

Want wishing Change, and Waste repairing War,
Rapine for ever lost to peaceful Toil,
Guilt unatoned, profuse of blood Revenge,
Corruption all-avow'd, and lawless Force,
Each heightening each, alternate shook the state.
Meantime Ambition, at the dazzling head
Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
And spoil of nations, in one circling blast
Combined in various storm, and from its base
The broad Republic tore. By Virtue built,
It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd earth
An ample roof: by Virtue too sustain'd,
And balanced steady, every tempest sung
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand.
But when, with sudden and enormous change,
The First of Mankind sunk into the Last,
As once in virtue, so in vice, extreme,
This universal fabric yielded loose,
Before Ambition still; and, thundering down
At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world.
A conquering people to themselves a prey
Must ever fall, when their victorious troops,
In blood and rapine savage grown, can find
No land to sack and pillage but their own.
"By brutal Marius and keen Sylla first
Effused the deluge dire of civil blood,
Unceasing woes began; and this, or that,
Deep-drenching their revenge, nor virtue spared,
Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;
Till Rome, into a human shambles turn'd,
Made deserts lovely.—Oh, to well-earn'd chains
Devoted race!—If no true Roman then,
No Scævola, there was, to raise for me

A vengeful hand; was there no father, robb'd
Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age?
No son, a witness to his hoary sire
In dust and gore defiled? no friend forlorn?
No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself?
None brave or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
Who, heaping horror round, no more deserved
The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd?
No: sad o'er all profound Dejection sat,
And nerveless Fear. The slave's asylum theirs:
Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
Turns weak to slaughter; or partaken guilt.
In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew
An unexampled deed. The power resign'd,
And, all unhoped, the commonwealth restored,
Amazed the public, and effaced his crimes.
Through streets yet streaming from his murderous hand
Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd;
And on the bed of peace his ashes laid:
A grace which I to his demission gave.
But with him died not the despotic soul.
Ambition saw that stooping Rome could bear
A Master, *nor had virtue to be free.*
Hence, for succeeding years, my troubled reign
No certain peace, no spreading prospect, knew.
Destruction gather'd round. Still the black soul
Or of a Catiline or Rullus[1] swell'd
With fell designs; and all the watchful art
Of Cicero demanded, all the force,
All the state-wielding magic of his tongue,

[1] 'Rullus:' Pub. Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, proposed an agrarian law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty; and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero.

And all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.
With these I linger'd; till the flame anew
Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapp'd the world.
The shameful contest sprung, to whom mankind
Should yield the neck: to Pompey, who conceal'd
A rage impatient of an equal name;
Or to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow
O'er daring Vice deluding Virtue smiled,
And who no less a vain superior scorn'd.
Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose.
The venal WILL *be bought, the base have lords.*
To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves;
And from Philippi's field, from where in dust
The last of Romans, matchless Brutus, lay,
Spread to the North untamed a rapid wing.
" What though the first smooth Cæsar's arts caress'd,
Merit, and virtue, simulating me?
Severely tender! cruelly humane!
The chain to clinch, and make it softer sit
On the new-broken, still ferocious, state.
From the dark *third*,[1] succeeding, I beheld
Th' imperial monsters all,—a race on earth
Vindictive sent, the scourge of human-kind!
Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world;
Whose lust to forming Nature seems disgrace;
And whose infernal rage bade every drop
Of ancient blood, that yet retain'd my flame,
To that of Pætus,[2] in the peaceful bath,
Or Rome's affrighted streets, inglorious flow.
But almost just the meanly-patient death
That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke.
Titus indeed gave one short evening gleam;

[1] 'Third:' Tiberius. — [2] 'Pætus:' Thrasea Pætus, put to death by Nero.

More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread
Of storm and horror. The delight of men,
He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand
Had made no happy heart, concluded lost!
Trajan and he, with the mild Sire and Son,[1]
His son of virtue! eased a while mankind;
And Arts revived beneath their gentle beam.
Then was their last effort: what Sculpture raised
To Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole,
And mix'd with Gothic forms (the chisel's shame),
On that triumphal Arch,[2] the forms of Greece.
"Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
Of gelid Hæmus, I pursued my flight;
And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
Sarmatia,[3] traversed by a thousand streams.
A sullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
And cruel deserts, black with sounding pine;
Where Nature frowns; though sometimes into smiles
She softens, and, immediate, at the touch
Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
Luxuriant pasture and a waste of flowers.
But, cold-compress'd, when the whole loaded heaven
Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,
Lies undistinguish'd earth; and, seized by frost,
Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans sleep.
Yet there life glows; the furry millions there
Deep dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows:
And there a race of men prolific swarms,

[1] 'Mild Sire and Son:' Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philosophus.—[2] 'Triumphal arch:' Constantine's arch, to build which, that of Trajan was destroyed; sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.—[3] 'Sarmatia:' the ancient Sarmatia contained a vast tract of country running all along the north of Europe and Asia.

To various pain, to little pleasure, used;
On whom, keen-parching, beat Riphæan winds;
Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,—
The nursery of nations! These I roused,
Drove land on land, on people people pour'd;
Till from almost perpetual night they broke,
As if in search of day; and o'er the banks
Of yielding empire, only slave-sustain'd,
Resistless raged, in vengeance urged by me.
" Long in the barbarous heart the buried seeds
Of freedom lay, for many a wintry age;
And though my spirit work'd, by slow degrees,
Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd.
Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
Aërial, warn'd of rising Winter, ride
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
So, Arts and each good Genius in my train,
I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to heaven.
" In the bright regions there of purest day,
Far other scenes and palaces arise,
Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compared,
Would, like a rose before the mid-day Sun,
Shrink up its blossom; like a bubble, break
The passing poor magnificence of kings.
For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
Calls every splendour forth; and there his court
Amid ethereal powers and virtues holds,—
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds.
But sacred be the veil that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals; wraps a view

Too softening fair for those that here in dust 563
Must cheerful toil out their appointed years!
A sense of higher life would only damp
The school-boy's task, and spoil his playful hours.
Nor could the child of Reason, feeble Man,
With vigour through this infant being drudge,
Did brighter worlds, their unimagined bliss
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind."

PART IV. BRITAIN.

CONTENTS.

Difference betwixt the Ancients and Moderns slightly touched upon. Description of the Dark Ages. The Goddess of Liberty, who during these is supposed to have left earth, returns, attended with Arts and Science. She first descends on Italy. Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture fix at Rome, to revive their several arts by the great models of antiquity there, which many barbarous invasions had not been able to destroy. The revival of these arts marked out. That sometimes arts may flourish for a while under despotic governments, though never the natural and genuine production of them. Learning begins to dawn. The Muse and Science attend Liberty, who in her progress towards Great Britain raises several free states and cities. These enumerated. Author's exclamation of joy upon seeing the British seas and coasts rise in the Vision, which painted whatever the Goddess of Liberty said. She resumes her narration. The Genius of the Deep appears, and, addressing Liberty, associates Great Britain into his dominion. Liberty received and congratulated by Britannia and the Native Genii or Virtues of the Island. These described. Animated by the presence of Liberty, they begin their operations. Their beneficent influence contrasted with the works and delusions of opposing Demons. Concludes with an abstract of the English history, marking the several advances of Liberty, down to her complete establishment at the Revolution.

STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I, amazed:
" Ah, Goddess, what a change! Is earth the same?
Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds?
And does the same fair sun and ether spread
Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul?
Lo! Beauty fails; lost in unlovely forms
Of little pomp, Magnificence no more
Exalts the mind, and bids the public smile:
While to rapacious Interest Glory leaves
Mankind, and every grace of life is gone."

To this the Power, whose vital radiance calls
From the brute mass of man an order'd world:
"Wait till the morning shines, and from the depth
Of Gothic darkness springs another day.
True, Genius droops; the tender ancient taste
Of Beauty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,
But faintly trembles through the callous soul;
And Grandeur, or of morals, or of life,
Sinks into safe pursuits and creeping cares.
Even cautious Virtue seems to stoop her flight,
And Aged Life to deem the generous deeds
Of Youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought
Well-reason'd, in researches piercing deep
Through Nature's works, in profitable arts,
And all that calm Experience can disclose
(Slow guide, but sure), behold the world anew
Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd;
And, where my spirit wakes the finer powers,
Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom.
"Oblivious ages pass'd; while Earth, forsook
By her best Genii, lay, to Demons foul,
And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey.
Contention led the van; first small of size,
But soon dilating to the skies she towers:
Then, wide as air, the livid Fury spread,
And, high her head above the stormy clouds,
She blazed in omens, swell'd the groaning winds
With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war:
From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,
And pour'd her venom through the heart of man.
Shook to the Pole, the North obey'd her call.
Forth rush'd the bloody Power of Gothic War,
War against human-kind: Rapine, that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train,

Unlistening, barbarous Force, to whom the sword
Is reason, honour, law: the Foe of Arts,
By monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,
That claim'd their place. Outrages mix'd with these
Another species of tyrannic rule,[1]
Unknown before, whose cankerous shackles seized
Th' envenom'd soul: a wilder Fury, she
Even o'er her Elder Sister[2] tyrannized:
Or, if perchance agreed, inflamed her rage.
Dire was her train, and loud:—the sable band,
Thundering, 'Submit, ye laity! ye profane!
Earth is the Lord's, and therefore OURS; let kings
Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
If not, behold! the sacred lightning flies:'
Scholastic Discord, with an hundred tongues,
For science uttering jangling words obscure,
Where frighted Reason never yet could dwell:
Of peremptory feature, Cleric Pride,
Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
And Holy Slander, his associate firm,
On whom the Lying Spirit still descends:
Mother of tortures, Persecuting Zeal,
High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
Or poniard bathed in unbelieving blood!
Hell's fiercest fiend! of saintly brow demure,
Assuming a celestial seraph's name,
While she, beneath the blasphemous pretence
Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the Source of Love,
Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,
Than all the rest combined. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell designs,
Came idiot Superstition; round with ears

[1] 'Tyrannic rule:' church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.—[2] 'Elder Sister:' civil tyranny.

Innumerous strew'd, ten thousand monkish forms
With legends plied them, and with tenets, meant
To charm or scare the simple into slaves,
And poison Reason: gross, she swallows all;
The most absurd believing ever most.
Broad o'er the whole, her universal night,
The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffused.
" Nought to be seen but visionary monks
To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds;
Banditti saints,[1] disturbing distant lands;
And unknown nations, wandering for a home.
All lay reversed: the sacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,
And arts of plunder more and more avow'd;
Pure plain Devotion to a solemn farce;
To holy dotage Virtue, even to guile,
To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
Brave ancient Freedom to the rage of slaves,
Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains;
Dishonour'd Courage to the bravo's trade,
To civil broil; and Glory to romance.
Thus human life, unhinged, to ruin reel'd,
And giddy Reason totter'd on her throne.
" At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme,
Disclosing, bade new brightening eras smile.
The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,
And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread
A sounding pinion. Eager Pity, mix'd
With indignation, urged her downward flight.
On Latium first we stoop'd, for doubtful life
That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
Ah, poor Italia! what a bitter cup
Of vengeance hast thou drain'd! Goths, Vandals, Huns,

[1] 'Banditti saints:' Crusaders.

Lombards, barbarians broke from every land,—
How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld!
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone
Was all thy frighted ear could comprehend!
How frequent by the red inhuman hand,
Yet warm with brother's, husband's, father's blood,
Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death!
What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds;
And, succourless and bare, the poor remains
Of wretches forth to Nature's common cast!
Added to these, the still continued waste
Of inbred foes,[1] that on thy vitals prey,
And, double tyrants, seize the very soul.
Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all,
These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
Heap'd sack on sack, and buried in their rage
Wonders of art? whence this grey scene a mine
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome united glow.
"Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
From ancient models to restore their arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.
"Amid the hoary ruins, Sculpture first,
Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As she the pleasing resurrection saw.
In leaning site, respiring from his toils,
The well-known Hero[2] who deliver'd Greece,
His ample chest, all tempested with force,

[1] 'Inbred foes:' the hierarchy.—[2] 'Hero:' the Hercules of Farnese.

Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck;
The spreading shoulders, muscular and broad;
The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, raised
His beauteous front, and through the finish'd whole
Shows what ideas smiled of old in Greece.
Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
The Gladiator.[1] Pitiless his look,
And each keen sinew braced, the storm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The Dying Other[2] from the gloom she drew:
Supported on his shorten'd arm he leans,
Prone, agonizing; with incumbent fate
Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath
The suffering feature sullen vengeance lours,
Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage:
And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python, came
The Quiver'd God.[3] In graceful act he stands,
His arm extended with the slacken'd bow.
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
A manly-soften'd form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave:
His features yet heroic ardour warms;
And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
Mix'd with the joy elating conquest gives,
A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.
On Flora moved; her full-proportion'd limbs
Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.

[1] 'Gladiator:' the Fighting Gladiator. — [2] 'Dying Other:' the Dying Gladiator. — [3] 'Quiver'd God:' the Apollo of Belvidere.

The Queen of Love[1] arose, as from the deep
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love.
The gazer grows enamour'd; and the stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At last, her utmost Masterpiece[2] she found,
That Maro[3] fired,—the miserable sire,
Wrapp'd with his sons in Fate's severest grasp.
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such passion here,
Such agonies, such bitterness of pain,
Seem so to tremble through the tortured stone,
That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass
That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
On the rapt eye th' imperious passions seize;—
The father's double pangs, both for himself
And sons convulsed; to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast;
His fell despair, with indignation mix'd,
As the strong-curling monsters from his side
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons
All the soft rage of younger passions show.
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd;
While, yet unpierced, the frighted other tries
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

[1] 'Queen of Love:' the Venus of Medicis.—[2] 'Masterpiece:' the group of Laocoon and his two sons destroyed by two serpents.—[3] 'Maro:' see Æneid, ii. ver. 199–227.

" She bore no more, but straight from Gothic rust.
Her chisel clear'd, and dust[1] and fragments drove
Impetuous round. Successive as it went
From son to son, with more enlivening touch,
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form;
Till, in a legislator's awful grace
Dress'd, Buonarotti bid a Moses rise,
And, looking love immense, a Saviour-God.
" Of these observant, Painting felt the fire
Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffused
The canvas, seized the palette, with quick hand
The colours brew'd, and on the void expanse
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
Poor was the manner of her eldest race,
Barren, and dry; just struggling from the taste
That had for ages scared in cloisters dim
The superstitious herd: yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works; where undevelop'd lay
The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast.
Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this,
To each his portion of her various gifts
The Goddess dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still
Perfection stands, like Happiness, to tempt
Th' eternal chase. In elegant design,
Improving Nature; in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expression, airs divine;
Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To those of Venice she the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs, too, it was, by one embracing mass

[1] Referring to Michael Angelo's mode of working in the fury of enthusiasm.

Of light and shade, that settles round the whole,
Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raise the picture, and repose the sight.
The Lombard school[1] succeeding, mingled both.
" Meantime dread fanes and palaces around
Rear'd the magnific front. Music again
Her universal language of the heart
Renew'd; and, rising from the plaintive vale,
To the full concert spread, and solemn quire.
" Even bigots smiled; to their protection took
Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:
For in a tyrant's garden these a while
May bloom, though Freedom be their parent soil.
" And now confess'd, with gently-growing gleam,
The morning shone, and westward stream'd its light.
The Muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn. Artless her voice,
Untaught and wild, yet warbling through the woods
Romantic lays. But as her northern course
She, with her tutor, Science, in my train,
Ardent pursued, her strains more noble grew:
While Reason drew the plan, the Heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.
" Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn.
" On Arno's fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap reposed of private bliss,
I small republics[2] raised. Thrice happy they,
Had social Freedom bound their peace, and Arts,

[1] 'Lombard school:' the school of the Caracci. — [2] 'Small republics:' the republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna.

Instead of ruling Power (ne'er meant for them),
Employ'd their little cares, and saved their fate!
" Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path, too, I with public blessings strew'd;—
Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In spite of culture negligent and gross,
From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.
" The barren rocks themselves, beneath my foot
Relenting, bloom'd on the Ligurian[1] shore.
Thick-swarming people there, like emmets, seized,
Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots
Which Nature left in her destroying rage,
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands.
There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill
Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,
By me proud Genoa's marble turrets rose:
And while my genuine spirit warm'd her sons,
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she
Vied for the trident of the narrow seas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.
" Nor be the then-triumphant state[2] forgot;
Where, push'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant still,
Inspired by me, through the dark ages kept
Of my old Roman flame some sparks alive:
The seeming god-built city, which my hand
Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas!
Astonish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,
Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenced,
And down the briny street; where, on each hand,
Amazing seen amid unstable waves,

[1] 'Ligurian:' *i. e.*, Genoese territory. — [2] 'Triumphant state:' Venice, founded on what was a marsh, rescued from the Adriatic.

The splendid palace shines, and rising tides,
The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair Queen of Adria's stormy Gulf,
The mart of nations, long, obedient seas
Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East.
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse
(Whose shared oppression lightens, as diffused),
Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose:
The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
They, jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains:
The softer shackles of luxurious ease
They likewise added, to secure their sway.
Thus Venice fainter shines; and Commerce thus,
Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.
Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took
A larger circle;[1] found another seat,[2]
Opening a thousand ports, and charm'd with toil,
Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.
" The mountains then, clad with eternal snow,
Confess'd my power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
By Nature thrown insuperable round,
I planted there a league of friendly states,[3]
And bade plain Freedom their ambition be.
There in the vale, where rural Plenty fills,
From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,
Chief where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be seen, unguilty cities rise;
Cities of brothers form'd; while equal life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,
Maintains them free, and in their happy streets
Nor cruel deed nor misery is known.

[1] 'Larger circle:' the main ocean. — [2] 'Another seat:' Great Britain. — [3] 'Friendly states:' the Swiss cantons.

For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,
And press their culture on retiring snows;
But, to firm order train'd, and patient war,
They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss
Of mercenary force, how to defend
The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.
" Even, cheer'd by me, their shaggy mountains charm
More than or Gallic or Italian plains;
And sickening Fancy oft, when absent long,
Pines to behold their Alpine views again :—
The hollow-winding stream; the vale, fair-spread
Amid an amphitheatre of hills,
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest springs;
From steep to steep ascending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes;
The flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd,
And, by the sun illumined, pouring bright
A gemmy shower; hung o'er amazing rocks,
The mountain-ash, and solemn-sounding pine;
The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes toss'd
Down to the clear ethereal lake below:
And, high o'er-topping all the broken scene,
The mountain fading into sky, where shines
On winter winter shivering, and whose top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.
" From these descending, as I waved my course
O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death,
I gave some favour'd cities[1] there to lift
A nobler brow, and through their swarming streets,

[1] 'Favour'd cities:' the Hans towns.

More busy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,
In each contented face to look my soul.
" Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm,
To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound;
There I the manly race,[1] the parent-hive
Of the mix'd kingdoms, form'd into a state
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purged, and temper'd hard, by frost,
Tempest, and toil, their nerves; the sons of those
Whose only terror was a bloodless death;
They, wise and dauntless, still sustain my cause.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the South,
The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay."
Here, with the shifted vision, burst my joy:
" O the dear prospect! O majestic view!
See Britain's empire! Lo! the watery vast
Wide-waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.
And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,
Emerging white from deeps of ether, dawn
My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,
Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.
Goddess, forgive!—my heart, surprised, o'erflows
With filial fondness for the land you bless."
As parents to a child complacent deign
Approvance, the Celestial Brightness smiled;
Then thus: " As o'er the wave-resounding deep,
To my near reign, the happy isle, I steer'd
With easy wing; behold! from surge to surge,
Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep.
Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung;
Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head;
And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
Or from it stream'd compress'd the gloomy cloud.

[1] 'Manly race:' the Swedes.

Where'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.
He needs but strike the conscious flood, and, shook
From shore to shore in agitation dire,
It works his dreadful will. To me his voice
(Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the falling main)
Address'd, began: 'By Fate commission'd, go,
My sister-goddess now, to yon blest isle;
Henceforth the partner of my rough domain!
All my dread walks to Britons open lie:
Those that, refulgent, or with rosy morn,
Or yellow evening, flame; those that, profuse
Drunk by equator-suns, severely shine;
Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise
In billows rolling into Alps of ice.
Even, yet untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
The vast Pacific, that on other worlds,
Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.
Long I maintain'd inviolate my reign;
Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæsars, braved.
Still, in the crook of shore, the coward sail
Till now low-crept; and peddling Commerce plied
Between near-joining lands. For Britons chief
It was reserved, with star-directed prow,
To dare the middle deep, and drive assured
To distant nations through the pathless main.
Chief for their fearless hearts the glory waits,
Long months from land, while the black stormy night
Around them rages, on the groaning mast
With unshook knee to know their giddy way;
To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing wave;
To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
By deep Invention's keen-pervading eye,
The heart of Courage, and the hand of Toil,

Each conquer'd ocean staining with their blood,
Instead of treasure robb'd by ruffian War,
Round social Earth to circle fair exchange,
And bind the nations in a golden chain.
To these I honour'd stoop. Rushing to light
A race of men behold, whose daring deeds
Will in renown exalt my nameless plains
O'er those of fabling Earth, as hers to mine
In terror yield. Nay, could my savage heart
Such glories check, their unsubmitting soul
Would all my fury brave, my tempest climb,
And might in spite of me my kingdom force.'
Here, waiting no reply, the shadowy Power
Eased the dark sky, and to the deeps return'd:
While the loud thunder, rattling from his hand,
Auspicious, shook opponent Gallia's shore.
" Of this encounter glad, my way to land
I quick pursued, that from the smiling sea
Received me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard;
And music, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
With pleased astonishment the labouring hind,
Who for a while th' unfinish'd furrow left,
And let the listening steer forget his toil.
Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breathed,
And her aërial train, these sounds of joy:
Full of old time, since first the rushing flood,
Urged by Almighty Power, this favour'd isle
Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,
Indented shore to shore responsive still,
Its Guardian she,—the Goddess, whose staid eye
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn:
Her tresses, like a flood of soften'd light
Through clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play:
Warm on her cheek sits Beauty's brightest rose:

Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace
With every motion: full her rising chest;
And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,
Charm'd Sculpture taking, might improve her art.
Such the fair Guardian of an isle that boasts,
Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.
High-shining on the promontory's brow,
Awaiting me, she stood; with hope inflamed,
By my mix'd spirit burning in her sons,
To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.
"The native Genii round her radiant smiled:—
Courage, of soft deportment, aspect calm,
Unboastful, suffering long, and, till provoked,
As mild and harmless as the sporting child;
But, on just reason, once his fury roused,
No lion springs more eager to his prey;
Blood is a pastime, and his heart elate
Knows no depressing fear: that Virtue, known
By the relenting look, whose equal heart
For others feels, as for another self;
Of various name, as various objects wake,
Warm into action, the kind sense within;
Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,
The lost to reason, the declined in life,
The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,
And the grey second infancy of age,
She gives in public families to live,
A sight to gladden Heaven! whether she stands
Fair beckoning at the hospitable gate,
And bids the stranger take repose and joy;
Whether, to solace honest Labour, she
Rejoices those that make the land rejoice;
Or whether to Philosophy and Arts
(At once the basis and the finish'd pride

Of government and life) she spreads her hand;
Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all.
Justice to these her awful presence join'd,
The mother of the state! No low revenge,
No turbid passions in her breast ferment:
Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,
As the last woe that can afflict mankind,
She punishment awards; yet, of the good
More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,
That, in his judging peers, each on himself
Pronounces his own doom. O happy land!
Where reigns alone this justice of the Free!
'Mid the bright group Sincerity his front
Diffusive rear'd; his pure untroubled eye
The fount of truth. The Thoughtful Power, apart,
Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard,
Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.
The Genius he whence Britain shines supreme,
The land of light and rectitude of mind.
He too the fire of Fancy feeds intense,
With all the train of passions thence derived;
Not, kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,
But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.
Near him Retirement, pointing to the shade,
And Independence stood: the generous pair,
That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove,
And the still raptures of the free-born soul,
To cates prefer, by Virtue bought, not earn'd;
Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd joys of slaves.
Or should the latter, to the public scene
Demanded, quit his sylvan friend a while,

Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce
His zeal, still active for the commonweal;
Nor stormy tyrants, nor Corruption's tools,
Foul ministers, dark-working by the force
Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
He greatly scorns; and, if he must betray
His plunder'd country, or his power resign,
A moment's parley were eternal shame.
Illustrious into private life again,
From dirty levees, he unstain'd ascends,
And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
Aloof the Bashful Virtue hover'd coy,
Proving by sweet distrust distrusted worth.
Rough Labour closed the train: and in his hand,
Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,
And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd;
Yet, kind at heart, and just, and generous, there
No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall:
Even in the very luxury of rage,
He softening can forgive a gallant foe;
The nerve, support, and glory of the land!
Nor be Religion, rational and free,
Here pass'd in silence; whose enraptured eye
Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
Link'd to divine; who not from servile fear,
By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit,
The God of Love adores, but from a heart
Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe
That now astonish'd swells, now in a calm
Of fearless confidence that smiles serene;
That lives devotion, one continual hymn;

And then most grateful, when Heaven's bounty most
Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful Power
O'er the raised circle ray'd superior day.
" I joy'd to join the Virtues whence my reign
O'er Albion was to rise. Each cheering each,
And, like the circling planets from the sun,
All borrowing beams from me, a heighten'd zeal
Impatient fired us to commence our toils,
Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time
Pass'd not in mutual hails; but, through the land
Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.
" The Virtues conquer with a single look.
Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
Live in their presence, stream in every glance,
That the soul, won, enamour'd, and refined,
Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
Hence the foul Demons, that oppose our reign,
Would still from us deluded mortals wrap;
Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray,
Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix
Falsehood and truth confounded, foil the sense
With vain refracted images of bliss.
But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade
Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene,
That vex the swain and waste the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud.
Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray.
As, at the sacred opening of the morn,
The prowling race retire; so, pierced severe,
Before our potent blaze these Demons fly,
And all their works dissolve:—The whisper'd tale,

That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows:
Fair-faced Deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct: the tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting:
Smooth crocodile Destruction, whose fell tears
Ensnare: the Janus-face of courtly Pride;
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,
On hapless worth the other scowls disdain.
Cheeks that for some weak tenderness alone,
Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush: the laugh
Profane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart,
At starving Virtue, and at Virtue's fools:
Determined to be broke, the plighted faith:
Nay, more, the godless oath, that knows no ties:
Soft-buzzing Slander; silky moths, that eat
An honest name: the harpy-hand and maw
Of avaricious Luxury; who makes
The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,
And, by his service, who betrays his king.
" Now turn your view, and mark from Celtic night
To present grandeur how my Britain rose.
" Bold were those Britons who, the careless sons
Of Nature, roam'd the forest-bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their woodland wars:
For, by the Druid taught that death but shifts
The vital scene, they that prime fear despised;
And, prone to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare
An ill-saved life that must again return.
Erect from Nature's hand, by tyrant Force,
And still more tyrant Custom, unsubdued,
Man knows no master save creating Heaven,
Or such as choice and common good ordain.
This general sense, with which the nations I

Promiscuous fire, in Britons burn'd intense,
Of future times prophetic. Witness, Rome,
Who saw'st thy Cæsar from the naked land,
Whose only fort was British hearts, repell'd,
To seek Pharsalian wreaths. Witness, the toil,
The blood of ages, bootless to secure
Beneath an empire's yoke a stubborn isle,
Disputed hard, and never quite subdued.
The North remain'd untouch'd, where those who scorn'd
To stoop retired; and, to their keen effort
Yielding at last, recoil'd the Roman power.
In vain, unable to sustain the shock,
From sea to sea desponding legions raised
The wall[1] immense, and yet, on summer's eve,
While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze.
Continual o'er it burst the Northern Storm;[2]
As often, check'd, receded, threatening hoarse
A swift return. But the devouring flood
No more endured control, when, to support
The last remains of empire, was recall'd
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
Unnerved, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk.
Great proof how men enfeeble into slaves!
The sword behind him flash'd; before him roar'd,
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around
He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,
As when Caractacus[3] to battle led
Silurian swains, and Boadicea[4] taught
Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.
"Then (sad relief!) from the bleak coast that hears
The German Ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,

[1] 'The wall' of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart. — [2] 'Northern Storm:' irruptions of the Scots and Picts. — [3] 'Caractacus:' King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits. — [4] 'Boadicea:' Queen of the Iceni: her story is well known.

And yellow-hair'd, the blue-eyed Saxon came.
He came implored, but came with other aim
Than to protect. For conquest and defence
Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race
Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream;
Blood, where unquell'd a mighty spirit glow'd.
Rash war, and perilous battle, their delight;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds,
Unpeaceful death their choice; deriving thence
A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls,
In Odin's hall, whose blazing roof resounds
The genial uproar of those shades who fall
In desperate fight or by some brave attempt;
And though more polish'd times the martial creed
Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
Nor were the surly gifts of war their all.
Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,
The calm gradations of art-nursing Peace,
And matchless orders,—the deep basis still
On which ascends my British reign. Untamed
To the refining subtleties of slaves,
They brought a happy government along;
Form'd by that freedom which, with secret voice,
Impartial Nature teaches all her sons,
And which of old through the whole Scythian mass
I strong inspired. Monarchical their state,
But prudently confined, and mingled wise
Of each harmonious power: only, too much,
Imperious war into their rule infused,
Prevail'd the general-king and chieftain-thanes.
" In many a field, by civil fury stain'd,
Bled the discordant Heptarchy;[1] and long
(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd,

[1] 'Heptarchy:' the seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons.

Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
Egbert[1] and Peace on one united throne.
" No sooner dawn'd the fair-disclosing calm
Of brighter days, when, lo! the North anew,
With stormy nations black, on England pour'd
Woes the severest e'er a people felt.
The Danish Raven,[2] lured by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
Far-seen, the Demon of devouring Flame;
Rapine, and Murder, all with blood besmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart;
While close behind them march'd the sallow Power
Of desolating Famine, who delights
In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields;
And purple-spotted Pestilence, by whom
Even Friendship scared, in sickening horror sinks
Each social sense and tenderness of life.
Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
Spread, from the Humber's loud-resounding shore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with superior arm the Saxon awed.
But Superstition first, and monkish dreams,
And monk-directed cloister-seeking kings,
Had ate away his vigour, ate away
His edge of courage, and depress'd the soul
Of conquering freedom which he once respired.
Thus cruel ages pass'd; and rare appear'd
White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when, with Alfred, from the wilds she came
To policed cities and protected plains.

[1] 'Egbert:' King of Wessex, who was the first king of England.—[2] 'Danish Raven:' a famous Danish standard was called *Reafan*, or Raven.

Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk,
Then set entire in Hastings' bloody field.
" Compendious war! (on Britain's glory bent,
So Fate ordain'd,) in that decisive day,
The haughty Norman seized at once an isle,
For which, through many a century, in vain,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
Of Gothic nations this the final burst;
And, mix'd the genius of these people all,
Their virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,
Here the rich tide of English blood grew full.
" Awhile my spirit slept; the land awhile,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.
Instead of Edward's[1] equal gentle laws,
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All prostrate lay; and, in the secret shade,
Deep-stung but fearful Indignation gnash'd
His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoil'd,
And of their bulwark, arms; with castles crush'd,
With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land;
The shivering wretches, at the Curfew[2] sound,
Dejected shrunk into their sordid beds,
And, through the mournful gloom, of ancient times
Mused sad, or dreamt of better. Even, to feed
A tyrant's idle sport, the peasant starved:
To the wild herd, the pasture of the tame,
The cheerful hamlet, spiry town, was given,
And the brown forest[3] roughen'd wide around.
" But this so dead, so vile submission, long
Endured not. Gathering force, my gradual flame
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway.

[1] 'Edward:' Edward III. the Confessor. — [2] 'Curfew:' the Curfew Bell (from the French *Couvre-feu*), which was rung every night at eight o'clock, to warn the English to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a severe fine.— [3] 'Brown forest:' the New Forest, in Hampshire.

Unused to bend, impatient of control,
Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.
The Church, by kings intractable and fierce
Denied her portion of the plunder'd state,
Or tempted by the timorous and weak
To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law.
The Barons next a nobler league began,
Both those of English and of Norman race,
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The nation of the Free! Press'd by a band
Of patriots,[1] ardent as the summer's noon
That looks delighted on, the tyrant see!
Mark how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His strong reluctance down; his dark revenge;
And gives the CHARTER, by which life indeed
Becomes of price, a glory to be man!
"Through this and through succeeding reigns affirm'd
These long-contested rights, the wholesome winds
Of Opposition[2] hence began to blow,
And often since have lent the country life.
Before their breath Corruption's insect-blights,
The darkening clouds of evil counsel, fly;
Or, should they sounding swell, a putrid court,
A pestilential ministry, they purge,
And ventilated states renew their bloom.
"Though with the temper'd Monarchy here mix'd
Aristocratic sway, the people still,
Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,
No full protection knew. For me reserved,
And for my Commons, was that glorious turn.

[1] 'Patriots:' on the 5th of June 1215, King John, met by the Barons on Runnemede, signed the Great Charter of Liberties, or *Magna Charta*.—[2] 'Opposition:' the league formed by the Barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the king.

They crown'd my first attempt; in senates[1] rose
The fort of Freedom! Slow till then, alone,
Had work'd that general liberty, that soul
Which generous Nature breathes, and which, when left
By me to bondage was corrupted Rome,
I through the northern nations wide diffused.
Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rush'd
From the rude iron regions of the North,
To Lybian deserts swarm protruding swarm,
And pour'd new spirit through a slavish world.
Yet, o'er these Gothic states, the king and chiefs
Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
And with enormous property engross'd
The mingled power. But on Britannia's shore
Now present, I to raise my reign began
By raising the Democracy, the third
And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.
Then was the full, the perfect plan disclosed
Of Britain's matchless Constitution, mix'd,
Of mutual checking and supporting powers,—
KING, LORDS, and COMMONS; nor the name of Free
Deserving while the vassal-many droop'd:
For, since the moment of the whole they form,
So, as depress'd or raised, the balance they
Of public welfare and of glory cast.
Mark from this period the continual proof.
" When kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves;
Proudly regardless of their people's plaints,
And poorly passive of insulting foes;
Double, not prudent; obstinate, not firm;
Their mercy fear, necessity their faith;

[1] 'Senates:' the commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the Third's reign.

Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,
Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform;
Tyrants at once, and slaves; imperious, mean;
To want rapacious joining shameful waste;
By counsels weak and wicked easy roused
To paltry schemes of absolute command,
To seek their splendour in their sure disgrace,
And in a broken, ruin'd people, wealth;—
When such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,
No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,
Combined the loose disjointed public, lost
To fame abroad, to happiness at home.
"But when an Edward and a Henry[1] breathed
Through the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul;
Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,
When wide-attracted Merit round them glow'd;
When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
Amid the maze of state, determined kept
Some ruling point in view; when, on the stock
Of public good and glory grafted, spread
Their palms, their laurels; or, if thence they stray'd,
Swift to return, and patient of restraint;
When regal state, pre-eminence of place,
They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,
To be luxurious drones, that only rob
The busy hive; as in distinction, power,
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first;
When they, too, claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
Superior rank, with equal hand prepared
To guard the subject and to quell the foe;—
When such with me their vital influence shed,
No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard;
No foul distrust through wary senates ran,

[1] 'Edward' and 'Henry:' Edward III. and Henry V.

Confined their bounty, and their ardour quench'd:
On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given.
Safe in their conduct, by their valour fired,
Fond, where they led, victorious armies rush'd;
And Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, proclaim
What Kings supported by almighty Love,
And People fired with Liberty, can do.
" Be veil'd the savage reigns,[1] when kindred rage
The numerous-once Plantagenets devour'd,
A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppress'd
By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold,
A cautious tyrant[2] lend it oil anew.
" Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,
As how to fix his throne he jealous cast
His crafty views around; pierced with a ray,
Which on his timid mind I darted full,
He mark'd the Barons of excessive sway,
At pleasure making and unmaking kings;[3]
And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd
A law[4] that let them, by the silent waste
Of Luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By soft degrees a mighty change ensued,
Even working to this day. With streams, deduced
From these diminish'd floods, the country smiled:
As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,
He foams along; but, through Batavian meads
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;

[1] 'Savage reigns:' during the civil wars betwixt the families of York and Lancaster. — [2] 'Cautious tyrant:' Henry VII. — [3] The famous Earl of Warwick was called 'the King-maker.' — [4] 'A law:' permitting the Barons to alienate their lands.

Waters a thousand fields; and, culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landscape rises round.
" His furious son[1] the soul-enslaving chain,
Which many a doting venerable age
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,
From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind,
And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
Of blood and horror. The returning light,
That first through Wickliff streak'd the priestly gloom,
Now burst in open day. Bared to the blaze,
Forth from the haunts of Superstition crawl'd
Her motley sons, fantastic figures all;
And, wide-dispersed, their useless fetid wealth
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.
" Trade, join'd to these, on every sea display'd
A daring canvas, pour'd with every tide
A golden flood. From other worlds were roll'd
The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,
By the plain Indian happily despised,
Yet work'd his woe, and to the blissful groves,
Where Nature lived herself among her sons,
And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,
Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before;
The worst, the zeal-inflamed Barbarian drew.
Be no such horrid commerce, Britain, thine!
But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.
" The Commons, thus enrich'd and powerful grown,
Against the Barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
Amid these doubtful motions, steady gave

[1] ' His furious son : ' Henry VIII.

The beam to fix. She, like the Secret Eye
That never closes on a guarded world,
So sought, so mark'd, so seized the public good,
That, self-supported, without one ally,
She awed her inward, quell'd her circling, foes.
Inspired by me, beneath her sheltering arm,
In spite of raging *universal sway* [1]
And raging seas repress'd, the Belgic States,
My bulwark on the Continent, arose.
Matchless in all the spirit of her days!
With confidence unbounded, fearless love
Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
Cheerful demanded the long-threaten'd fleet,[2]
And dash'd the pride of Spain around their isle.
Nor ceased the British thunder here to rage:
The deed, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call;
In fire and smoke Iberian ports involved,
The trembling foe even to the centre shook
Of their new-conquer'd world, and skulking stole,
By veering winds, their Indian treasure home.
Meantime, Peace, Plenty, Justice, Science, Arts,
With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.
" As yet uncircumscribed the regal power,
And wild and vague Prerogative remain'd;
A wide voracious gulf, where swallow'd oft
The helpless subject lay. This to reduce
To the just limit was my great effort.
" By means that evil seem to narrow man,
Superior beings work their mystic will:
From storm and trouble thus a settled calm,
At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia smiled.
" The gathering tempest, Heaven-commission'd, came,

[1] 'Universal sway:' the dominion of the house of Austria. — [2] 'Fleet:' the Spanish Armada.

Came in the Prince,[1] who, drunk with flattery, dreamt
His vain pacific counsels ruled the world;
Though scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
Of fruitless treaties; while at home enslaved,
And by a worthless crew insatiate drain'd,
He lost his people's confidence and love:
Irreparable loss, whence crowns become
An anxious burden! Years inglorious pass'd:
Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd:
Abandon'd Frederick[2] pined, and Raleigh bled.
But nothing that to these internal broils,
That rancour, he began; while lawless sway
He, with his slavish doctors, tried to rear
On metaphysic, on enchanted ground,[3]
And all the mazy quibbles of the Schools:
As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
Vain the pretence! Not so the dire effect,
The fierce, the foolish discord[4] thence derived,
That tears the country still, by party-rage
And ministerial clamour kept alive.
In action weak, and for the wordy war
Best fitted, faint this prince pursued his claim;
Content to teach the subject-herd how great,
How sacred *he!* how despicable *they!*

"But his unyielding son[5] these doctrines drank
With all a bigot's rage (who never damps
By reasoning his fire); and what they taught,
Warm and tenacious, into practice push'd.

[1] 'The Prince:' James I. — [2] 'Frederick:' Elector Palatine, and who had been chosen King of Bohemia, but was stripped of all his dominions and dignities by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James I., his father-in-law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace. — [3] 'Enchanted ground:' the monstrous, and till then unheard-of, doctrines of divine, indefeasible, hereditary right, passive obedience, &c. — [4] 'Foolish discord:' the parties of Whig and Tory. — [5] 'Unyielding son:' Charles I.

Senates in vain their kind restraint applied:
The more they struggled to support the laws,
His justice-dreading ministers the more
Drove him beyond their bounds. Tired with the check
Of faithful Love, and with the flattery pleased
Of false-designing Guilt, the fountain[1] he
Of Public Wisdom and of Justice shut.
Wide mourn'd the land. Straight to the voted aid,
Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,
Th' illegal imposition follow'd harsh,
With execration given, or ruthless squeezed
From an insulted people by a band
Of the worst ruffians,—those of tyrant Power.
Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
Her unrelenting train: Informers, spies,
Blood-hounds, that sturdy Freedom to the grove
Pursue; projectors of aggrieving schemes,—
Commerce to load[2] for unprotected seas,
To sell the starving many to the few,[3]
And drain a thousand ways th' exhausted land.
Even from that place whence healing Peace should flow,
And Gospel-truth, inhuman bigots shed
Their poison[4] round; and on the venal Bench,
Instead of Justice, Party held the scale,
And Violence the sword. Afflicted years,
Too patient, felt at last their vengeance full.
"Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear
And mingled rage, my Hampden raised his voice,
And to the Laws appeal'd: the Laws no more
In judgment sat, behoved some other ear;
When, instant, from the keen resentive North,

[1] 'The fountain:' parliaments. — [2] 'Commerce to load:' ship-money. — [3] 'The few:' monopolies. — [4] 'Poison:' the raging High Church sermons of these times.

By long oppression, by Religion roused,
The guardian army came. Beneath its wing
Was call'd, though meant to furnish hostile aid,
The more than Roman senate. There a flame
Broke out, that clear'd, consumed, renew'd the land.
In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,
Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,—
While, full of me, each agitated soul
Strung every nerve, and flamed in every eye,—
Had e'er beheld such light and heat combined,
Such heads and hearts; such dreadful zeal, led on
By calm majestic Wisdom, taught its course
What nuisance to devour; such wisdom, fired
With unabating zeal, and aim'd sincere
To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,
And for the future to secure their sway.
" This, then, the purpose of my mildest sons.
But man is blind: a nation, once inflamed
(Chief should the breath of factious Fury blow,
With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swell'd),
Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
In heighten'd blaze; and, ever wise and just,
High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm.
Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapp'd,
And by Confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,
King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the ground,
Successive rush'd:—Lo! from their ashes rose,
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phœnix-state.[1]
" The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke
Of private life, lay by those flames dissolved;
And, from the wasteful, the luxurious king,[2]

[1] 'Phœnix-state:' at the Restoration.—[2] 'Luxurious king:' Charles II.

Was purchased [1] that which taught the young to bend.
Stronger restored, the Commons tax'd the whole,
And built on that eternal rock their power.
The Crown, of its hereditary wealth
Despoil'd, on senates more dependent grew;
And they more frequent, more assured. Yet lived,
And in full vigour spread, that bitter root,
The passive doctrines, by their patrons first
Opposed ferocious when they touch themselves.
" This wild delusive cant; the rash cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey;
The bigot, restless in a double chain
To bind anew the land; the constant need
Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,
And flattering senates, to supply his waste;—
These tore some moments from the careless Prince,
And in his breast awaked the kindred plan.
By dangerous softness long he mined his way;
By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;
By sharing what Corruption shower'd profuse;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive.
" At last subsided the delirious joy,
On whose high billow from the saintly reign
The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,
Against his country bribed by Gallic gold;
The port [2] pernicious sold, the Scylla since
And fell Charybdis of the British seas;
Freedom attack'd abroad, [3] with surer blow
To cut it off at home; the Saviour-League [4]
Of Europe broke; the progress even advanced

[1] 'Purchased:' Court of Wards. — [2] 'The port:' Dunkirk. — [3] 'Freedom attack'd abroad:' the war, in conjunction with France, against the Dutch. — [4] 'Saviour-League:' the Triple Alliance.

Of universal sway,[1] which to reduce
Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost;
The millions, by a generous people given,
Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
And awe the land with forces not their own,[2]
Employ'd; the darling Church herself betray'd;—
All these, broad-glaring, oped the general eye,
And waked my spirit, the resisting soul.
"Mild was, at first, and half-ashamed, the check
Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
Of absolute submission,—tenets vile,
Which slaves would blush to own, and which, reduced
To practice, always honest Nature shock!
Not even the mask removed, and the fierce front
Of Tyranny disclosed; nor trampled laws;
Nor seized each badge of freedom[3] through the land;
Nor Sidney bleeding for th' unpublish'd page;
Nor on the Bench avow'd Corruption placed,
And murderous Rage itself, in Jefferies' form;
Nor endless acts of Arbitrary Power,
Cruel and false,—could raise the public arm.
Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs
Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious War,
The patient Public turns not, till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I roused
The Bigot-king,[4] and hurried fated on
His measure immature. But chief his zeal,
Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous scared
The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
To Fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew.

[1] 'Universal sway:' under Louis XIV. — [2] 'Forces not their own:' a standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.—[3] 'Badge of freedom:' the charters of corporations.—[4] 'Bigot-king:' James II.

Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage;
As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
Awfully still, waiting the high command
To spring. Straight from his country, Europe saved,
To save Britannia, lo! my darling son,
Than hero more, the patriot of mankind,
Immortal Nassau, came. I hush'd the deep
By Demons roused, and bade the listed winds,[1]
Still shifting as behoved, with various breath,
Waft the Deliverer to the longing shore.
See, wide alive, the foaming Channel bright
With swelling sails and all the pride of war;
Delightful view, when Justice draws the sword!
And mark, diffusing ardent soul around,
And sweet contempt of death, my streaming flag.
Even adverse navies[2] bless'd the binding gale,
Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
Arrived, the pomp, and not the waste, of arms,
His progress mark'd. The faint-opposing host
For once, in yielding, their best victory found,
And by desertion proved exalted faith;
While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.
" Then dawn'd the period destined to confine
The surge of wild Prerogative, to raise
A mound restraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no further flow.
Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state
Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,
Sustaining weighty seas. This often saved

[1] 'Listed winds:' the Prince of Orange, in his passage to England, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.—[2] 'Adverse navies:' the English fleet.

By more than human hand, the Public saw,
And seized the white-wing'd moment. Pleased to yield
Destructive power,[1] a wise heroic prince[2]
Even lent his aid.—Thrice happy, did they know
Their happiness, Britannia's bounded kings!
What though not theirs the boast, in dungeon-glooms
To plunge bold Freedom; or to cheerless wilds
To drive him from the cordial face of friend;
Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not Justice, that delights
To dare the keenest eye of open day?
What though no glory to control the laws,
And make injurious Will their only rule,
They deem it? What though, tools of wanton Power,
Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call?
What though they give not a relentless crew
Of civil furies—proud Oppression's fangs!—
To tear at pleasure the dejected land,
With starving Labour pampering idle Waste?
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltless tear from lone Affliction's eye;
To raise hid Merit, set th' alluring light
Of Virtue high to view; to nourish Arts,
Direct the thunder of an injured state,
Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
Bless human-kind, and through the downward depth
Of future times to spread that better Sun
Which lights up British soul;—for deeds like these,
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies;
While (still superior bliss!) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of Ill.
Oh, luxury divine! Oh, poor to this,

[1] 'Destructive power:' by the Bill of Rights and the Act of Succession.—
[2] 'Heroic prince:' William III.

Ye giddy glories of despotic thrones!
By this, by this indeed, is imaged Heaven,—
By boundless Good, without the power of Ill.
" And now, behold! exalted as the cope
That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,
And like it, free, my fabric stands complete,
The Palace of the Laws. To the four heavens
Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,
With kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd,
Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks
Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads
The sheltering roof o'er all; while plenty flows,
And glad Contentment echoes round the whole.
Ye floods, descend! Ye winds, confirming, blow!
Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive Time,
Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark Corruption, can its frame dissolve,
And lay the toil of ages in the dust."

PART V. THE PROSPECT.

CONTENTS.

The Author addresses the Goddess of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain, as arising from her influence. She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief Virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there. Recommends, as its last ornament and finishing, Sciences, Fine Arts, and Public Works. The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government. The whole concludes with a Prospect of Future Times, given by the Goddess of Liberty: this described by the Author, as it passes in vision before him.

HERE interposing, as the Goddess paused,—
"O blest Britannia! in thy presence blest,
Thou Guardian of Mankind! whence spring, alone,
All human grandeur, happiness, and fame:
For Toil, by thee protected, feels no pain;
The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
And, gilded with thy rays, even Death looks gay.
Let other lands the potent blessings boast
Of more exalting suns. Let Asia's woods,
Untended, yield the vegetable fleece:
And let the little insect-artist form,
On higher life intent, its silken tomb.
Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose
The various-tinctured children of the Sun.
From the prone beam let more delicious fruits
A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste
Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burst
With floods of joy; with mild balsamic juice
The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe
Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil;

Turbid with gold, let southern rivers flow;
And orient floods draw soft o'er pearls their maze;
Let Afric vaunt her treasures; let Peru
Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,
The yellow traitor that her bliss betray'd,—
Unequall'd bliss!—and to unequall'd rage!
Yet nor the gorgeous East, nor golden South,
Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd world,
Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praise
Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddess, she
Derives her praise from thee, her matchless charms.
Her hearty fruits the hand of Freedom own;
And, warm with culture, her thick-clustering fields
Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
Her meads; her gardens smile eternal spring.
She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by toil,
Ardent, to rush into the rapid chase;
She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive pours
Unnumber'd flocks; she weaves the fleecy robe
That wraps the nations; she to lusty droves
The richest pasture spreads; and, hers, deep-wave
Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.
These her delights; and by no baneful herb,
No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,
No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent roll'd
In spires immense progressive o'er the land,
Disturb'd. Enlivening these, add cities, full
Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful-toiling crowds;
Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,
Innumerous sow'd along the lively vale,
Where bold unrivall'd peasants happy dwell;
Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks
Embosom'd high, while kindred floods below
Wind through the mead; and those of modern hand,

More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar.
Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers, name,
Where swarm the finny race? Thee, chief, O Thames,
On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,
Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind!
And thee, thou Severn, whose prodigious swell,
And waves resounding, imitate the main!
Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
That point around the world? And why her seas?—
All Ocean is her own, and every land
To whom her rolling thunder Ocean bears.
She too the mineral feeds: th' obedient lead,
The warlike iron, nor the peaceful less,
Forming of life art-civilized the bond;
And that [1] the Tyrian merchant sought of old,
Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame.
She rears to Freedom an undaunted race:
Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,
Hers the warm Cambrian: hers the lofty Scot,
To hardship tamed, active in arts and arms,
Fired with a restless, an impatient flame,
That leads him raptured where Ambition calls:
And English merit hers; where meet combined
Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,
An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,
And firm tenacious valour, can bestow.
Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, she!
Great nurse of men! By thee, O Goddess, taught,
Her old renown I trace, disclose her source
Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing
A strain the Muses never touch'd before.
" But how shall this thy mighty Kingdom stand?
On what unyielding base? how finish'd shine?"

[1] 'That:' tin.

At this her eye, collecting all its fire,
Beam'd more than human; and her awful voice
Majestic thus she raised: "To Britons bear
This closing strain, and with intenser note
Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear.
"*On* VIRTUE *can alone my Kingdom stand,*
On Public Virtue, every Virtue join'd:
For, lost this social cement of mankind,
The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,
Will moulder soft away; till, tottering loose,
They prone at last to total ruin rush.
Unbless'd by Virtue, Government a league
Becomes, a circling junto of the great,
To rob by law; Religion mild, a yoke
To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state
To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.
What are without it Senates, save a face
Of consultation deep and reason free,
While the determined voice and heart are sold?
What boasted Freedom, save a sounding name?
And what Election, but a market vile
Of slaves self-barter'd? Virtue! without thee,
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states;
War has no vigour, and no safety Peace:
Even Justice warps to party; laws oppress;
Wide through the land their weak protection fails;
First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.
Thus nations sink, society dissolves;
Rapine, and guile, and violence, break loose,
Everting life, and turning love to gall;
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Lybia's hissing sands to him are tame.
"By those three Virtues be the frame sustain'd
Of British Freedom:—INDEPENDENT LIFE;

INTEGRITY IN OFFICE; and, o'er all
Supreme, A PASSION FOR THE COMMONWEAL.
" Hail! INDEPENDENCE, hail! Heaven's next best gift
To that of life and an immortal soul!
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And sober meal gives taste, to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
Of Public Freedom, hail, thou secret source!
Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form
My better Nile, that nurses human life.
By rills from thee deduced, irriguous fed,
The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
That Nature craves. Its happy master there,
The only Freeman, walks his pleasing round;
Sweet-featured Peace attending; fearless Truth;
Firm Resolution; Goodness, blessing all
That can rejoice; Contentment, surest friend;
And still fresh stores from Nature's book derived,
Philosophy, companion ever new.
These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
When into action call'd, his busy, hours.
Meantime, true-judging, moderate desires,
Economy and Taste combined, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
Whom Fortune heaps, without these Virtues reach
That truce with pain, that animated ease,
That self-enjoyment springing from within,
That Independence, active or retired,
Which make the soundest bliss of man below;
But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,

A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train,
Though rich, are beggars, and, though noble, slaves.
"Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expense
They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame!
Instead of hearty hospitable cheer,
See how the hall with brutal riot flows;
While, in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,
The country maddens into party-rage.
Mark those disgraceful piles of wood and stone;
Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrimm'd,
And Nature by presumptuous Art oppress'd,
The woodland Genius mourns. See the full board
That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy:
No Truth invited there, to feed the mind;
Nor Wit, the wine rejoicing Reason quaffs.
Hark how the dome with insolence resounds,
With those retain'd by Vanity to scare
Repose and friends. To tyrant Fashion mark
The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From still delusive day to day,
Led an eternal round of lying hope,
See, self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck!
Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas-ears they crowd; or to the buzz
Of masquerade unblushing; or, to show
Their scorn of Nature, at the tragic scene
They mirthful sit, or prove the comic true.
But, chief, behold around the rattling board
The civil robbers ranged; and even the fair,
The tender fair, each sweetness laid aside,
As fierce for plunder as all-licensed troops
In some sack'd city! Thus dissolved their wealth,
Without one generous luxury dissolved,

Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe;
With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,
And for their falsehood each despising each;
Till, shook their patron by the wintry winds,
Wide flies the wither'd shower, and leaves him bare.
Oh, far superior Afric's sable sons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to these willing slaves!
And rich as unsqueezed favourite, to them,
Is he who can his virtue boast alone!
" Britons, be firm,—nor let Corruption sly
Twine round your heart indissoluble chains!
The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds
By Cæsar cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
The soft-enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæsars rose. Determined, hold
Your Independence; for, that once destroy'd,
Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,
That flits aërial from the spreading eye.
" Forbid it, Heaven, that ever I need urge
INTEGRITY IN OFFICE on my sons!
Inculcate common honour,—not to rob,—
And whom?—the gracious, the confiding hand,
That lavishly rewards; the toiling poor,
Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mix'd;
The guardian public; every face they see,
And every friend; nay, in effect, themselves.
As, in familiar life, the villain's fate
Admits no cure; so, when a desperate age
At this arrives, I the devoted race
Indignant spurn, and, hopeless, soar away.
" But, ah, too little known to modern times!
Be not the noblest passion pass'd unsung;

That ray peculiar, from unbounded Love
Effused, which kindles the heroic soul,—
DEVOTION TO THE PUBLIC. Glorious flame!
Celestial ardour! in what unknown worlds,
Profusely scatter'd through the blue immense,
Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,
Old virtuous Rome, so many deathless names
From thee their lustre drew; since, taught by thee,
Their poverty put splendour to the blush,
Pain grew luxurious, and even death delight?
Oh, wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look
With blaze direct on this my last retreat?
" 'Tis not enough, from Self right understood
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart:
Though Virtue not disdains appeals to Self,
Dreads not the trial; all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy save hers.
Far less the tepid, the declaiming race,
Foes to Corruption, to its wages friends,
Or those whom private passions, for a while,
Beneath my standard list,—can they suffice
To raise and fix the glory of my reign?
" An active flood of universal love
Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,
The restless spirit roves creation round,
And seizes every being: stronger then
It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search
Of bliss allies: then, more collected still,
It urges human-kind: a passion grown,
At last, the central Parent-public calls
Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,
The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers
Then those of Self, this Heaven-infused delight,

This moral gravitation, rushing prone
To press the public good, my system soon,
Traverse, to several selfish centres drawn,
Will reel to ruin; while for ever shut
Stand the bright portals of desponding Fame.
" From sordid Self shoot up no shining deeds,
None of those ancient lights that gladden earth,
Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
To just ambition, Virtue's quickening fire!
Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
Fill'd up with actions animal and mean—
A dull gazette! Th' impatient reader scorns
The poor historic page; till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame.
Not so the times when, emulation-stung,
Greece shone in Genius, Science, and in Arts,
And Rome in Virtues dreadful to be told.
To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind,
Through the deep periods of devolving time,
Those, raptured, copy; these, astonish'd, read.
" True, a corrupted state, with every vice
And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye,
The pale inveigling smile, the ruffian front;
The wretch abandon'd to relentless Self,
Equally vile if miser or profuse;
Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt;
The fell deputed tyrant, who devours
The poor and weak, at distance from redress;
Delirious faction bellowing loud my name;
The false, fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast;
A race resolved on bondage, fierce for chains,
My sacred rights a merchandise alone
Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will

By deeds a horror to mankind prepared,
As were the dregs of Romulus of old;—
Who these indeed can undetesting see?—
But who unpitying? To the generous eye
Distress is virtue; and, though self-betray'd,
A people struggling with their fate must rouse
The hero's throb. Nor can a land at once
Be lost to Virtue quite. How glorious, then,
Fit luxury for gods, to save the good,
Protect the feeble, dash bold Vice aside,
Depress the wicked, and restore the frail!
Posterity, besides, the young are pure,
And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame.
"Should then the times arrive (which Heaven avert!)
That Britons bend unnerved, not by the force
Of arms, more generous and more manly, quell'd,
But by Corruption's soul-dejecting arts,
Arts impudent and gross! by their own gold,
In part bestow'd, to bribe them to give all;
With party raging, or immersed in sloth,
Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
To slily-conquering Gaul,—even from her brow
Let her own naval oak be basely torn,
By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,
And nerveless sink, while others sing rejoiced.
Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind
Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague
Breathe from the city to the farthest hut
That sits serene within the forest-shade;
The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants,
And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,
That, were a buyer found, they stand prepared
To sell their birthright for a cooling draught:
Should shameless pens for plain Corruption plead,

The hired assassins of the commonweal!
Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
Should Public Virtue grow the public scoff,
Till Private, failing, staggers through the land;
Till round the city loose mechanic Want,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the cheerful haunts
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds;
Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace;
And murders, horrors, perjuries abound;
Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop;
The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold;
And those on whom the vernal showers of Heaven
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,—
A power to live to Nature and themselves,—
In sick attendance wear their anxious days,
With fortune, joyless, and with honours, mean:—
Meantime, perhaps, profusion flows around,
The waste of War, without the works of Peace;
No mark of millions in the gulf absorb'd
Of uncreating Vice, none, but the rage
Of roused Corruption still demanding more:—
That very portion which (by faithful skill
Employ'd) might make the smiling Public rear
Her ornamented head, drill'd through the hands
Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse
A locust-band within, and in the bud
Leaves starved each work of dignity and use.
"I paint the worst. But should these times arrive,
If any nobler passion yet remain,
Let all my sons all parties fling aside,
Despise their nonsense, and together join;
Let Worth and Virtue, scorning low despair,
Exerted full, from every quarter shine,
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd to light,

Moral or intellectual, more intense
By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve
Gradual the stars effulge; fainter at first
They, straggling, rise; but when the radiant host,
In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,
Each casting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.
" But why to Britons this superfluous strain?—
Good-nature, honest Truth, even somewhat blunt,
Of crooked baseness an indignant scorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cause,
And ready Bounty, wont to dwell with them;—
Nor only wont,—wide o'er the land diffused,
In many a blest retirement still they dwell.
" To softer prospect turn we now the view,
To laurell'd Science, Arts, and Public Works,
That lend my finish'd fabric comely pride,
Grandeur, and grace. Of sullen genius he,
Cursed by the Muses! by the Graces loathed!
Who deems beneath the Public's high regard
These last enlivening touches of my reign.
However puff'd with power and gorged with wealth
A nation be, let trade enormous rise,
Let East and South their mingled treasures pour,
Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burst o'er the city and devour the land:
Yet, these neglected, these recording Arts,
Wealth rots, a nuisance; and, oblivious sunk,
That nation must another Carthage lie.
If not by them, on monumental brass,
On sculptured marble, on the deathless page,
Impress'd, renown had left no trace behind,—
In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,

The legislator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.
Th' awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath,
They rouse Ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
Delight the general eye; and, dress'd by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.
" Science, my close associate, still attends
Where'er I go. Sometimes, in simple guise,
She walks the furrow with the consul-swain,
Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart
Direct; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
Of Fancy dress'd, she charms Athenian wits,
And a whole sapient city round her burns.
Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod:
With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,
She breathes deliberate soul, and makes Retreat
Unequall'd glory: with the Theban sage,—
Epaminondas, first and best of men!—
Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,
Above the vulgar reach, resistless form'd,
March to sure conquest, never gain'd before!
Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state
Unskilful she: when the triumphant tide
Of high-swollen Empire wears one boundless smile,
And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,
Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease,
Where, but th' Aonian Maids, no sirens sing;
Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,
While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,
With Tully she her wide-reviving light
To senates holds, a Catiline confounds,
And saves a while from Cæsar, sinking Rome.

Such the kind Power whose piercing eye dissolves
Each mental fetter, and sets Reason free;
For me inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,
The more tenacious as the more convinced
How happy freemen, and how wretched slaves.
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
The Goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul
That quickens trade, the breath unseen that wafts
To them the treasures of a balanced world.
But finer Arts (save what the Muse has sung
In daring flight, above all modern wing),
Neglected, droop the head; and Public Works,
Broke by Corruption into private gain,
Not ornament, disgrace; not serve, destroy.
" Shall Britons, by their own joint wisdom ruled
Beneath one royal head, whose vital power
Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole;
In finer Arts and Public Works shall they
To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends,
Depress'd and broke, beneath the will of one?
Of one who, should th' unkingly thirst of gold,
Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,
Calls locust-armies o'er the blasted land:
Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth,
His own insatiate reservoir to fill:
To the lone desert Patriot-Merit frowns,
Or into dungeons, Arts; when they, their chains
Indignant bursting, for their nobler works
All other licence scorn but Truth's and mine.
Oh, shame to think! shall Britons, in the field
Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose?
Even in that monarch's[1] reign, who vainly dreamt,
By giddy power betray'd, and flatter'd pride,

[1] 'Monarch:' Louis XIV.

To grasp unbounded sway; while, swarming round,
His armies dared all Europe to the field;
To hostile hands while treasure flow'd profuse,
And that great source of treasure, subjects' blood,
Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land;
From Britain, chief, while my superior sons,
In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
And bade his agonizing heart be low:
Even then, as in the golden calm of peace,
What public works at home, what arts arose!
What various science shone! what genius glow'd!
"'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot
O'er fair extents of land, the shining road;
The flood-compelling arch; the long canal,[1]
Through mountains piercing, and uniting seas;
The dome resounding sweet with infant joy,[2]
From Famine saved, or cruel-handed Shame;
And that where Valour counts his noble scars;[3]
The land where social Pleasure loves to dwell,
Of the fierce demon, Gothic Duel, freed;
The robber from his farthest forest chased;
The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into sure peace the best police refined,
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record how honour'd Arts
And Science, by despotic bounty bless'd,
At distance flourish'd from my parent-eye:
Restoring ancient taste, how Boileau rose;
How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
The trembling stage; in elegant Racine,
How the more powerful, though more humble, voice
Of nature-painting Greece, resistless, breathed

[1] 'The long canal:' the Canal of Languedoc. — [2] The hospital for foundlings. — [3] The hospital for invalid soldiers.

The whole-awaken'd heart; how Molière's scene,
Chastised and regular, with well-judged wit,
Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, graced,
Was life itself; to public honours raised,
How Learning in warm seminaries[1] spread;
And, more for glory than the small reward,
How Emulation strove; how their pure tongue
Almost obtain'd what was denied their arms;
From Rome, a while, how Painting, courted long,
With Poussin came; Ancient Design, that lifts
A fairer front, and looks another soul:
How the kind art,[2] that, of unvalued price,
The famed and only picture easy gives,
Refined her touch, and, through the shadow'd piece,
All the live spirit of the painter pour'd;
Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
A look, and bade her Girardon[3] arise:
How lavish grandeur blazed; the barren waste,
Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell,
And fountains spout amid its arid shades:
For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
How forests in majestic gardens smiled:
How menial Arts, by their gay sisters taught,
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn,
The palace cheer'd, illumed the storied wall,
And with the pencil vied the glowing loom.[4]
"These laurels, Louis, by the droppings raised
Of thy profusion, its dishonour shade,
And, green through future times, shall bind thy brow;
While the vain honours of perfidious war

[1] 'Seminaries:' the Academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting. — [2] 'Kind art:' engraving. — [3] 'Girardon:' a celebrated French statuary and architect. — [4] 'Glowing loom:' the tapestry of the Gobelins.

Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.
With what prevailing vigour had they shot,
And stole a deeper root, by the full tide
Of war-sunk millions fed! Superior still,
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
In Britain planted, by the potent juice
Of Freedom swell'd! Forced is the bloom of Arts,
A false, uncertain spring, when Bounty gives,
Weak without me, a transitory gleam.
Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies
Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow;
Till Arts, betray'd, trust to the flattering air
Their tender blossom: then malignant rise
The blights of Envy, of those insect-clouds
That, blasting Merit, often cover courts:
Nay, should, perchance, some kind Mæcenas aid
The doubtful beamings of his prince's soul,
His wavering ardour fix, and unconfined
Diffuse his warm beneficence around;
Yet death, at last, and wintry tyrants come,
Each sprig of genius killing at the root.
But when with me Imperial Bounty joins,
Wide o'er the Public blows eternal Spring;
While mingled Autumn every harvest pours
Of every land; whate'er Invention, Art,
Creating Toil, and Nature, can produce."
Here ceased the Goddess; and her ardent wings,
Dipp'd in the colours of the heavenly bow,
Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight
Prepared: when thus, impatient, burst my prayer:
"O forming light of life! O better sun!
Sun of mankind! by whom the cloudy North,
Sublimed, not envies Languedocian skies,
That, unstain'd ether all, diffusive smile:

When shall we call these ancient laurels ours?
And when THY WORK *complete?*" Straight with her hand,
Celestial red, she touch'd my darken'd eyes.
As at the touch of day the shades dissolve,
So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd
That dims the dawn of being here below;
The future shone disclosed, and, in long view,
Bright-rising eras instant rush'd to light.
" They come, great Goddess! I the times behold!
The times our fathers in the bloody field
Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,
In the warm struggles of the senate-fight.
The times I see! whose glory to supply,
For toiling ages, Commerce round the world
Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land
Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with Rome
Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.
" Lo! princes I behold, contriving still,
And still conducting firm, some brave design;
Kings, that the narrow joyless circle scorn,
Burst the blockade of false-designing men,
Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,
And of the blinding clouds around them thrown:
Their court rejoicing millions; Worth alone,
And Virtue, dear to them; their best delight,
In just proportion to give general joy;
Their jealous care, thy kingdom to maintain;
The public glory theirs; unsparing love
Their endless treasure; and their deeds their praise.
With thee they work. Nought can resist your force;
Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats:
Strong spread the blooms of Genius, Science, Art;
His bashful bounds disclosing Merit breaks;
And, big with fruits of glory, Virtue blows

Expansive o'er the land. Another race
Of generous youth, of patriot-sires, I see!
Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze
Of court, and ball, and play; those venal souls,
Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands,
That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.
"I see the fountains purged whence life derives
A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind,
Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud,
But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of Truth.
Then, beam'd through fancy the refining ray,
And pouring on the heart, the passions feel
At once informing light and moving flame;
Till moral, public, graceful action crowns
The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
In all that mind or body can adorn,
And form to life. Instead of barren heads,
Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits,
Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens are form'd.
"Lo! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
Unpurchased, shines on all; and from her beam,
Appalling Guilt, retire the savage crew
That prowl amid the darkness they themselves
Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves;
See how her legal Furies bite the lip,
While Yorks and Talbots their deep snares detect,
And seize swift Justice through the clouds they raise!
"See! social Labour lifts his guarded head,
And men not yield to government in vain.
From the sure land is rooted ruffian Force,
And the lewd nurse of villains, idle Waste;
Lo! razed their haunts, down dash'd their maddening bowl,

A nation's poison! beauteous Order reigns,
Manly Submission, unimposing Toil,
Trade without guile, Civility that marks
From the foul herd of brutal slaves thy sons,
And fearless Peace. Or, should affronting War
To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just,
Unfailing fields of freemen I behold,
That know with their own proper arm to guard
Their own bless'd isle against a leaguing world.
Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,
Dissolved her dream of universal sway:
The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain;
And not a sail but by permission spreads.
"Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing suns,
Gay Colonies extend; the calm retreat
Of undeserved distress, the better home
Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands.
Not built on Rapine, Servitude, and Woe,
And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey;
But, bound by social Freedom, firm they rise;
Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd,
And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah sees.
"Horrid with want and misery, no more
Our streets the tender passenger afflict.
Nor shivering Age, nor Sickness without friend,
Or home, or bed to bear his burning load,
Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earn'd
Its guiltless pangs, I see. The stores profuse
Which British bounty has to these assign'd
No more the sacrilegious riot swell
Of cannibal devourers! Right applied,
No starving wretch the land of Freedom stains:
If poor, employment finds; if old, demands,
If sick, if maim'd, his miserable due;

And will, if young, repay the fondest care.
Sweet sets the sun of stormy life, and sweet
The morning shines, in Mercy's dews array'd.
Lo! how they rise, these families of Heaven!
That,[1] chief (but why, ye bigots! why so late?)
Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age:
What smiles of praise! and, while their song ascends,
The listening seraph lays his lute aside.
"Hark! the gay Muses raise a nobler strain,
With active nature, warm impassion'd truth,
Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
Of various string, and heart-felt image fill'd:
Behold! I see the dread delightful school[2]
Of temper'd passions and of polish'd life
Restored. Behold! the well-dissembled scene
Calls from embellish'd eyes the lovely tear,
Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again.
Lo! vanish'd monster-land. Lo! driven away
Those that Apollo's sacred walks profane:
Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world
Unknown to Nature, Chaos more confused,
O'er the brute scene its ouran-outangs pours;
Detested forms, that, on the mind impress'd,
Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age!
"Behold, all thine again, the Sister-arts!
Thy Graces they, knit in harmonious dance.
Nursed by the treasure from a nation drain'd
Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouse
Their untamed genius, their unfetter'd thought;
Of pompous tyrants and of dreaming monks
The gaudy tools and prisoners no more.
"Lo! numerous domes a Burlington confess:
For kings and senates fit, the palace see;

[1] An hospital for foundlings.—[2] 'School:' theatre.

The temple, breathing a religious awe;
Even framed with elegance the plain retreat,
The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
Taste, never idly working, saves expense.
"See Sylvan Scenes, where Art alone pretends
To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms!
Such as a Pope in miniature has shown;
A Bathurst o'er the widening forest[1] spreads;
And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe.
"August, around, what Public Works I see!
Lo! stately streets, lo! squares that court the breeze,
In spite of those to whom pertains the care:
Engulfing more than founded Roman ways,
Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land,
Connecting sea to sea, the solid road.
Lo! the proud arch (no vile exactor's stand)
With easy sweep bestrides the chafing flood.
See! long canals and deepen'd rivers join
Each part with each, and with the circling main
The whole enliven'd isle. Lo! ports expand,
Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering arms.
Lo! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
On every pointed coast the lighthouse towers;
And, by the broad imperious mole repell'd,
Hark how the baffled storm indignant roars!"
As thick to view these varied Wonders rose,
Shook all my soul with transport, unassured,
The Vision broke; and on my waking eye
Rush'd the still Ruins of dejected Rome.

[1] 'Widening forest:' Okely Woods, near Cirencester.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE:

An Allegorical Poem.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect. And the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by custom to all allegorical poems writ in our language; just as in French the style of Marot, who lived under Francis I., has been used in tales and familiar epistles by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV.

EXPLANATION OF THE OBSOLETE WORDS USED IN THIS POEM.

Archimage, *the chief, or greatest, of magicians or enchanters.*
Apaid, *paid.*
Appal, *affright.*
Atween, *between.*
Aye, *always.*
Bale, *sorrow, trouble, misfortune.*
Benempt, *named.*
Blazon, *painting, displaying.*
Breme, *cold, raw.*
Carol, *to sing songs of joy.*
Caurus, *the north-east wind.*
Certes, *certainly.*
Dan, *a word prefixed to names.*
Deftly, *skilfully.*
Depainted, *painted.*
Drowsy-head, *drowsiness.*
Eath, *easy.*
Eftsoons, *immediately, often, afterwards.*
Eke, *also.*
Fays, *fairies.*
Gear (*or* Geer,) *furniture, equipage, dress.*
Glaive, *sword* (Fr.)
Glee, *joy, pleasure.*
Han, *have.*
Hight, *named, called;* and sometimes it is used for *is called.* See Canto I. Stanza VII.
Idless, *idleness.*
Imp, *child, or offspring; from the* Saxon *impan, to graft or plant.*
Kest, *for cast.*
Lad, *for led.*
Lea, *a piece of land, or meadow.*
Libbard, *leopard.*
Lig, *to lie.*
Lithe, *loose, lax.*
Losel, *a loose, idle fellow.*
Louting, *bowing, bending.*
Mell, *mingle.*
Moe, *more.*
Moil, *labour.*
Mote, *might.*
Muchel (*or* Mochel), *much, great.*
Nathless, *nevertheless.*
Ne, *nor.*
Needments, *necessaries.*
Nouraling, *a child that is nursed*
Noyance, *harm.*
Perdie (Fr. *par Dieu*), *an old oath.*
Prankt, *coloured, adorned gaily.*
Prick'd through the forest, *rode through the forest.*
Sear, *dry, burnt up.*
Sheen, *bright, shining.*
Sicker, *sure, surely.*
Smackt, *savoured.*
Soot, *sweet, or sweetly.*
Sooth, *true, or truth.*
Stound, *misfortune, pang.*
Sweltry, *sultry, consuming with heat.*
Swink, *to labour.*
Thrall, *slave.*
Transmew'd, *transformed.*
Unkempt (Lat. *incomptus*), *unadorned.*
Vild, *vile.*
Ween, *to think, be of opinion.*
Weet, *to know; to weet, to wit.*
Whilom, *ere-while, formerly.*
Wight, *man.*
Wis (*for* Wist), *to know, think, understand.*
Wonne (a Noun), *dwelling.*
Wroke, *wreakt.*

N.B.—*The letter* Y *is frequently placed in the beginning of a word, by* Spenser, *to lengthen it a syllable, and* en *at the end of a word, for the same reason, as* withouten, casten, *&c.*

Yborn, *born.*
Yblent (*or* blent), *blended, mingled.*
Yclad, *clad.*
Ycleped, *called, named.*
Yfere, *together.*
Ymolten, *melted.*
Yode (*preter. tense of* yede), *went.*

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

The Castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We lived right jollily.

I.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate:
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,—
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with Spring, with Summer half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

III.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds, that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

V.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

VI.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was;
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smackt of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

VII.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night.
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed; and to his lute of cruel fate
And labour harsh complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by:
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

IX.

" Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !
See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay :
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May !
What youthful bride can equal her array ?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

X.

" Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove ;
Ten thousand throats that, from the flowering thorn,
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove !
They neither plough nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove ;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

XI.

" Outcast of Nature, man ! the wretched thrall
Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :
For when hard-hearted Interest first began
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain ;
Guile, Violence, and Murder, seized on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII.

" Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up-hill; but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
For ever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea
Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

XIII.

" With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various stounds;
Or, louting low, on upstart Fortune fawn,
And sell fair Honour for some paltry pounds;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

" No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear;
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith sear,
Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start
With sounds that are a misery to hear:
But all is calm,—as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old,—all nature, and all art.

XV.

" Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and down :
They who are pleased themselves must always please ;
On others' ways they never squint a frown,
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.
Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is soothed and sweeten'd by the social sense ;
For interest, envy, pride, and strife, are banish'd hence.

XVI.

" What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm ;
Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm ?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray
Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more gay.

XVII.

" The best of men have ever loved repose :
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Embitter'd more from peevish day to day.
Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away :
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before

XVIII.

" But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
Or, softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude: the whilst, amused, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the Zephyr's sigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX.

" O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun;
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching song,
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipp'd along,
In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft-embodied Fays through airy portal stream.

XXI.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty first began:
Though some there were who would not further pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han.
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For, do their very best, they cannot fly;
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight;
And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themselves within the cursed gate,
Full hard to be repass'd, like that of Fate.
Not stronger were of old the giant-crew,
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state;
Though feeble wretch he seem'd, of sallow hue:
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vanish'd force remains no trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV.

Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely, full-spread porter, swoln with sleep :
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breathed repose ;
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep ;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Through which his half-waked soul would faintly peep.
Then, taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
And roused himself as much as rouse himself he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles ; task for him unfit,
But ill becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit ;
So this same limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns ;
Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd,
Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods, when Evening frowns.
O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir Porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

XXVII.

Thus easy robed, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high-spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew:
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare:
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasance grew,
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleased and still,
Withouten tromp was proclamation made:—
"Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will;
And wander where you list, through hall or glade!
Be no man's pleasure for another stay'd:
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
And curst be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
Here dwells kind Ease and unreproving Joy:
He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way.
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude and perfect silence reign'd:
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

XXX.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone Fancy him beguiles;
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied, to our senses plain),
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

XXXI.

Ye gods of quiet and of sleep profound,
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I who have spent my nights and nightly days
In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering?
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

XXXII.

Come on, my Muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
Thou yet shalt sing of war and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this Earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round.
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound:
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

XXXV.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

XXXVI.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortured heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd Echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

XXXVII.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Bless'd sons of Nature they! true Golden Age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or Autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes th' astonish'd eyes;
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies:
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

XXXIX.

Each sound too here to languishment inclined,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease.
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive, melancholy mind;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong to the gently-waving wind
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, the Harp of Æolus it hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art!

XLII.

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard,[1] in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threatening, seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

[1] 'Bard:' the Arabian caliphs had poets among the officers of their court.

XLV.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow:
To catch your vivid scenes, too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprites,
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refined delights.

XLVI.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

XLVII.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom!
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom!
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, a while, O! lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mix'd woe the heart.

XLVIII.

Or are you sportive?—Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth,
To cares estranged, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or which, obtain'd, the caitiffs dare not taste:—
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

L.

"Of Vanity the Mirror" this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny saved is a penny got:"
Firm to this scoundrel-maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

LI.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer-air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care.
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
His father's ghost from Limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

LII.

This globe portray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,
As if inspired, and in a Thespian rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame, when useless worldly store.

LIII.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all:
Wide-pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
See how they dash along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

LIV.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
Th' important shoulder: then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
No sooner Lucifer recalls affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
When, lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

LV.

But what most show'd the vanity of life,
Was, to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engaged, and deadly strife:
Most Christian kings, inflamed by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

LVI.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea, many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:[1]
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face.
Pensive, not sad; in thought involved, not dark:
As soot this man could sing as morning-lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

LVIII.

To noon-tide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they pass'd:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd.
Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

[1] 'A man of special,' &c.: William Paterson, Thomson's successor in the office of Surveyor-general to the Leeward Islands.

LX.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke),
One shyer still,[1] who quite detested talk.
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine and broad o'ershading oak:
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke;
Ne ever utter'd word, save, when first shone
The glittering star of eve, "Thank Heaven! the day is done."

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch,[2] who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practised been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt and rough, of squalid face and mien;
Our Castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day their chaunced into these halls to rove
A joyous youth,[3] who took you at first sight:
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light.
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day, and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

[1] 'One shyer still:' Dr Armstrong, author of 'The Art of Preserving Health.' —[2] 'A wretch:' Henry Welby, an eccentric solitaire of the period.—[3] 'Joyous youth:' John Forbes, son of President Forbes.

LXIII.

But not even pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates then sinks the soul as low:
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore.
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so;
Who, whilst he stay'd, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd Castle all, th' abode of sleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
And oft he sips their bowl; or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep with trump profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another guest[1] there was, of sense refined,
Who felt each worth,—for every worth he had;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad.
Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of Nature lent;
And sometimes would he make our valley glad.
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent:

[1] 'Another guest:' Lord Lyttelton.

LXVI.

"Come, dwell with us! true son of Virtue, come!
But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade
To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark:
We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus[1] of the age;
But call'd by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restored him to the stage,
And roused him like a giant from his sleep.
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urged sense th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
[2]Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On Virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain.
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage: his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

[1] 'Esopus:' Mr Quin. — [2] The following lines of this stanza were written by Lord Lyttelton, and refer to Thomson himself.

LXIX.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod;
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,[1]
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chaunced to trippen by;
Which when observed, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-faced court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort;
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, or range the vernal bloom;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

[1] 'Man of God:' Rev. Patrick Murdoch, afterwards the biographer of the poet.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
But, ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under-ground;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseased, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
Unpitied, uttering many a bitter groan;
For of these wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses were.

LXXIV.

Alas the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway!
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway:
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln, and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:
Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a wit.

LXXVI.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the 'spitals know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

LXXVII.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pined,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet loved in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings:
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks;
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings:
Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,
And his achievements fair;
That, by this Castle's overthrow,
Secured, and crowned were.

I.

ESCAPED the Castle of the sire of sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For, all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter, Indolence, complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;
But a fell tribe th' Aönian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee:
Thus, while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the Muses other meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve.
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come, then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song:
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy, languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loath,
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth.
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame
Who, with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

V.

In Fairy-land there lived a knight of old,
Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough, unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar.

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fringed, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain and wintry fray
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy:
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

VII.

Amid the greenwood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
"The Knight of Arts and Industry" by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
The same to him glad Summer, or the Winter breme.

VIII.

So pass'd his youthful morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were;
He of the forest seem'd to be the son;
And certes had been utterly undone,
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius, him they nurtured well
In every science and in every art
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exercises spared
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him compared.

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roseate breath of orient day:
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,
Or, darting on the goal, outstripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid career,
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

XI.

At other times he pry'd through Nature's store,
Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or else he scann'd the globe,—those small domains,
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,—
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains:
But more he search'd the mind, and roused from sleep
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly Truth, and practise what she taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits!
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vex'd ocean-pool.

XIII.

To solace then these rougher toils, he tried
To touch the kindling canvas into life;
With Nature his creating pencil vied,
With Nature joyous at the mimic strife:
Or to such shapes as graced Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble: or, with varied fire,
He roused the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
Or verses framed that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

XIV.

Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprize:
The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did devise;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies:
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smiled,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was Man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd:
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe:
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow;
For, by the Powers Divine, it should no more be so!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this *best sun*, from orient climes
Came, beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
Still, as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden times,
Successive, had; but now in ruins grey
They lie, to slavish Sloth and Tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and greenwood forest lost,
All careless rambling where it liked them most:
Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing through the glade;
They lodged at large, and lived at Nature's cost;
Save spear and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

XVIII.

He liked the soil, he liked the clement skies,
He liked the verdant hills and flowery plains.
"Be this my great, my chosen isle," he cries:
"This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,
This queen of ocean all assault disdains."
Nor liked he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest, firmest hand.

XIX.

Here by degrees his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame;
Whatever finish'd Agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itself who came,
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame:
And still with her sweet Innocence we find,
And tender Peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and Art at once, delight and use, combined.

XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social Commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

XXI.

The drooping Muses then he westward call'd,
From the famed city[1] by Propontic Sea,
What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd;
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,
And brought them to another Castalie,
Where Isis many a famous noursling breeds;
Or where old Cam soft paces o'er the lea
In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the Fine Arts were what he finish'd least.
For why? They are the quintessence of all,
The growth of labouring time, and slow increased;
Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
Up to the sunshine of uncumber'd ease,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
And where they nothing have to do but please:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme;
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,—
Poor sons of puff'd-up Vanity, not Fame.
Unbroken spirits, cheer! Still, still remains
Th' eternal patron, Liberty; whose flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

[1] 'Famed city:' Constantinople.

XXIV.

Whenas the knight had framed in Britain land,
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sovereign laws alone command,
Laws stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent,—
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was settled firm and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

XXV.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main.
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale;
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:
His days, the days of unstain'd Nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarch's of old.

XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton or her silk;
Witness, with Autumn charged, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath sweet Evening's star,
Or of September-moons the radiance mild.
Oh, hide thy head, abominable War,
Of Crimes and ruffian Idleness the child!
From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories viled!

XXVII.

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was
Th' amusing care of rural industry.
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,
And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store;
And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd Nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durst not Art encroach;
'Tis Art's alone these beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here, too, brisk gales the rude wild common fann'd;
A happy place; where, free and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can last for aye?
That soul-enfeebling wizard, Indolence,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was his curst influence;
Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,
Even much of private; ate our spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old Fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and stout.

XXX.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast;
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wish each must be blest,
With joy be fever'd; snatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the standard rear'd; her arrière-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word:
"Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vulgar man,
The lacquey, be more virtuous than his lord?
Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford."

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
"Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee call!
Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close!
The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows."
On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
Of venerable eld; his eye full speaks
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

XXXII.

"I will," he cried, "so help me, God! destroy
That villain Archimage."—His page then straight
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Dispatch: "My steed be at the gate;
My bard attend; quick, bring the net of Fate."
This net was twisted by the Sisters Three;[1]
Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes: replevy[2] cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful Destiny.

[1] 'Sisters Three:' Clotho, Atropos, and Lachesis. — [2] 'Replevy:' rescue.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little Druid wight,
Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
As is his sister[1] of the copses green,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

"Come," quoth the knight, "a voice has reach'd mine ear:
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear.
Come, Philomelus, let us instant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
Those men, those wretched men, who *will* be slaves,
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,
Shall raise. Thrice happy he who without rigour saves!"

XXXV.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright: sprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active Day the rapid car,
He pranced along, disdaining gate or bar.
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honest sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode:
And much they moralized as thus yfere they yode.

[1] 'Sister:' the nightingale.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of Virtue, and of human bliss:
What else so fit for man to settle well?
And still their long researches met in this,
This *truth of truths*, which nothing can refel:[1]
" From Virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul;
While Vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,
The which, howe'er disguised, at last with dole
Will through the tortured breast their fiery torrents roll."

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits rear.
On the cool height a while our palmers stay,
And spite even of themselves their senses cheer;
Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer.
Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spred,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,
Sweet airs and song; and without hurry all seem'd glad.

XXXVIII.

" As God shall judge me, knight, we must forgive,"
The half-enraptured Philomelus cried,
" The frail good man, deluded here to live,
And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be denied,
That Virtue still some tincture has of Vice,
And Vice of Virtue. What should then betide,
But that our charity be not too nice?
Come, let us those we can, to real bliss entice."

[1] 'Refel:' refute.

XXXIX.

" Ay, sicker," quoth the knight, " all flesh is frail,
To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
But let not brutish Vice of this avail,
And think to 'scape deserved punishment.
Justice were cruel, weakly to relent;
From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive:
Grace be to those who can and will repent;
But penance long and dreary to the slave,
Who must in floods of fire his gross, foul spirit lave."

XL.

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said.
But when he saw, in goodly gear array'd,
The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

XLI.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcomed them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he resumed his song; and unconfined
Pour'd all his music, ran through all his strings:
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
And Virtue's tender airs o'er Weakness flings.
What pity, base his song who so divinely sings!

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight:
But they, instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
Marvell'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.
Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,
Wide-pressing to the gate. Swift, on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who backening shunn'd his touch, for well he knew its power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius[1] trapp'd his foe;
Even so the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involved him in the net of woe,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enraged at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
And leap'd, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He sat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Raised rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;
Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
As of infernal sprites in cavern bound.
A solemn sadness every creature strook;
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground:
Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd, with blemish'd look,
As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

[1] 'Retiarius:' a gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over his adversary.

XLV.

Soon as the short-lived tempest was yspent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vex'd Avernus' hole,
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole:
"There must," he cried, "amid so vast a shoal,
Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl:
Come, then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;
Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start."

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and, taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
His British harp, its speaking strings he tried;
The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptured hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his rising song:
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him throng.

XLVII.

Thus, ardent, burst his strain: "Ye hapless race,
Dire-labouring here to smother Reason's ray,
That lights our Maker's image in our face,
And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway;
What is th' adored Supreme Perfection? say!
What, but eternal never-resting Soul,
Almighty Power, and all-directing Day;
By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

XLVIII.

"Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence alone
We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
To seraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,
Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
In universal Nature this clear shown
Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

XLIX.

"Is not the field, with lively culture green,
A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
The foul November fogs, and slumbrous mass,
With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?
Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

"It was not by vile loitering in ease,
That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art:
That soft, yet ardent, Athens learn'd to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme! complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

LI.

" Had unambitious mortals minded nought
But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay;
Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother-brutes the human race had grazed;
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been, none praised.

LII.

" Great Homer's song had never fired the breast
To thirst of glory and heroic deeds;
Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
The wits of modern time had told their beads,
And monkish legends been their only strains:
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapp'd in weeds,
Our Shakspeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick swains,
Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.

LIII.

" Dumb, too, had been the sage Historic Muse,
And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
Had all been lost with such as have no name.
Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good?
Who then had toil'd, rapacious men to tame?
Who in the public breach devoted stood,
And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

LIV.

" But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
If right I read, you pleasure all require:
Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
How best enjoy'd this Nature's wide desire.
Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act, is dead; absorb'd entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

LV.

" Better the toiling swain; oh, happier far!
Perhaps the happiest of the sons of men!
Who vigorous plies the plough, the team, the car;
Who houghs the field, or ditches in the glen,
Delves in his garden, or secures his pen.
The tooth of Avarice poisons not his peace;
He tosses not in Sloth's abhorred den;
From Vanity he has a full release;
And, rich in Nature's wealth, he thinks not of increase.

LVI.

" Good Lord! how keen are his sensations all!
His bread is sweeter than the glutton's cates:
The wines of France upon the palate pall,
Compared with what his simple soul elates,—
The native cup, whose flavour thirst creates.
At one deep draught of sleep he takes the night:
And for that heartfelt joy which nothing mates,
Of the pure nuptial-bed the chaste delight,
The losel is to him a miserable wight.

LVII.

"Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss;
And exercise, of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

LVIII.

"Oh, who can speak the vigorous joys of health?
Unclogg'd the body, unobscured the mind:
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
See how the younglings frisk along the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind!
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?

LIX.

"But here, instead, is foster'd every ill
Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
Come, then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
Your talents here. This place is but a show,
Whose charms delude you to the den of woe:
Come, follow me: I will direct you right,
Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
Sincere as sweet. Come, follow this good knight;
And you will bless the day that brought him to your sight.

LX.

" Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps;
To senate some, and public sage debates,
Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight lamps,
The world is poised, and managed mighty states;
To high discovery some, that new-creates
The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;
Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;
To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart:
All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

LXI.

" There are, I see, who listen to my lay;
Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
' All may be done,' methinks I hear them say,
' Even death despised by generous actions fair;
All, but for those who to these bowers repair!
Their every power dissolved in luxury,
To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
And from the powerful arms of Sloth get free,
'Tis rising from the dead—alas! it cannot be!'

LXII.

" Would you, then, learn to dissipate the band
Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?
Resolve! resolve! and to be men aspire.
Exert that noblest privilege alone
Here to mankind indulged: Control desire:
Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,
Speak the commanding word, *I will!* and it is done.

LXIII.

"Heavens! can you, then, thus waste in shameful wise
Your few important days of trial here?
Heirs of eternity, yborn to rise
Through endless states of being, still more near
To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,—
Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?
No, no!—your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain the sordid crime!"

LXIV.

"Enough! enough!" they cried: straight from the crowd
The better sort on wings of transport fly:
As when, amid the lifeless summits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
Snows piled on snows in wintry torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
Roused into action, lively leap away,
Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new being gay.

LXV.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
That lighted up these new-created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,
When, just deliver'd from his fleshly den,
It soaring seeks its native skies agen.
How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
Even so we glad forsook these sinful bowers;
Even such enraptured life, such energy was ours.

LXVI.

But far the greater part, with rage inflamed,
Dire mutter'd curses, and blasphemed high Jove.
"Ye sons of hate!" they bitterly exclaim'd,
"What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
While with kind Nature, here amid the grove,
We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?
Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven sublime."

LXVII.

"Ye impious wretches," quoth the knight in wrath,
"Your happiness behold!"—Then straight a wand
He waved, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand;
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;
And, o'er the weedy, foul, abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls around.

LXVIII.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scathed,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bathed,
They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:
These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when Night controll'd
The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

LXIX.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid:
That lazar-house, I whilom in my lay
Depainted have, its horrors deep display'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted smile
Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
The sick up-raised their heads, and dropp'd their woes a while.

LXX.

"O Heaven!" they cried, "and do we once more see
Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair?
Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free?
And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
O thou, or knight, or God, who holdest there
That fiend, oh, keep him in eternal chains!
But what for us, the children of despair,
Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains."

LXXI.

The gentle knight, who saw their rueful case,
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
"Certes," quoth he, "it is not even in Grace,
T' undo the past, and eke your broken years:
Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;
She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;
She more than merely softens—she rejoices, Heaven.

LXXII.

" Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
And by these sufferings purify the mind;
Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd:
Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
And to a life more happy and refined,
Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
Till then, you may expect in me to find
One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,
One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to the skies."

LXXIII.

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
" For you," resumed the knight with sterner tone,
" Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon sears;
That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan.
In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
His fatal charms, and weep your stains away;
Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
You feel a perfect change: then, who can say
What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's eternal day?"

LXXIV.

This said, his powerful wand he waved anew:
Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,—
The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the sick-bed smooth of that sad company.

LXXV.

It was a worthy, edifying sight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; some from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak Nature sheds;
Some reach the healing draught: the whilst, to chase
The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven dispreds.

LXXVI.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the knight; and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, sought of Peace the mossy cell.
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves[1] and deserts dire to yell:
Amazed, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
And, spreading wide their hands, they meek repentance feign'd.

LXXVII.

But ah! their scorned day of grace was past:
For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast;
With gibbets, bones, and carcases defiled.
There nor trim field nor lively culture smiled;
Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair:
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely piled,
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful care,
Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fired the cloudless air.

[1] 'Delves:' deserts.

LXXVIII.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd,
Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auster's[1] beard;
Or else the ground, by piercing Caurus[2] sear'd,
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow:
Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

LXXIX.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad;
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to see! a heart-appalling sight!
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the while.

LXXX.

The other was a fell despiteful fiend:
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below:
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd;
Of man, alike if good or bad, the foe.
With nose up-turn'd, he always made a show
As if he smelt some nauseous scent: his eye
Was cold and keen, like blast from Boreal snow;
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

[1] 'Auster:' south-east wind.—[2] 'Caurus:' north-east wind.

LXXXI.

Even so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along;
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among;
But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,
And aye of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.[1]

[1] 'Fone:' foe.

Sacred to the Memory

OF

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

INSCRIBED TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth,
To mingle with his stars; and every Muse,
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
Of honours due to his illustrious name?
But what can man?—Even now the sons of light,
In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
Yet am not I deterr'd, though high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels; for with you,
Ethereal flames! ambitious, I aspire
In Nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can ye show your guest?
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil,
Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws,
Could trace the secret hand of Providence
Wide-working through this universal frame.

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the Suns
And Planets to their spheres? th' unequal task

Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft disgraced
The pride of Schools, before their course was known
Full in its causes and effects to him,
All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words, and tyranny of names;
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-searching, saw at last the System dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.
What were his raptures then! how pure! how strong!
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious? when, instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and sore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
Stood all-subdued by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.
All-intellectual eye, our solar round
First gazing through, he by the blended power
Of *gravitation* and *projection* saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
From unassisted vision hid, the moons
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
He also fix'd our wandering queen of night,
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Her every motion clear-discerning, he
Adjusted to the mutual Main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells

Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning; till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.
  Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Through the blue infinite; and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye; or astronomic tube,
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss;
Or such as farther in successive skies
To fancy shine alone,—at his approach
Blazed into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system: all combined
And ruled unerring by that single power
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.
  O unprofuse magnificence divine!
O wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe complete! And, O beloved
Of Heaven, whose well-purged, penetrative eye,
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame!
  He first of men with awful wing pursued
The comet through the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerous worlds he wound his way;
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.
  The heavens are all his own; from the wild rule
Of whirling *vortices* and circling *spheres*,
To their first great simplicity restored.
The Schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain
To combat still with demonstration strong,

And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun!
Th' aërial flow of Sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
Nor could the darting beam, of speed immense,
Escape his swift pursuit and measuring eye.
Even Light itself, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educed the gorgeous train
Of parent colours. First the flaming Red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny Orange next;
And next delicious Yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing Green:
Then the pure Blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerged the deepen'd Indico, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainting Violet away.
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watery bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain;—infinite source
Of beauty, ever blushing, ever new!
Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook?

Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends?
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare,
How just, how beauteous, the *refractive law.*
The noiseless tide of Time, all bearing down
To vast Eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemm'd alone; and to the source (involved
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, raised
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.
But who can number up his labours? who
His high discoveries sing? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew: in Fancy's lighter thought,
How shall the Muse, then, grasp the mighty theme?
What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge? For could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd university of things,
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that Power
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?
Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh, speak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good,
How firm establish'd on eternal truth!
Fervent in doing well; with every nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection: far above
Those little cares and visionary joys

That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.
And you, ye hopeless, gloomy-minded tribe,
You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege
Of Being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing through their tubes a while,
And then for ever lost in vacant air?
But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound through the world—*'Tis done; the measure's full;*
And I resign my charge. Ye mouldering stones,
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effaced
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
The worshipp'd name of hoar Antiquity,
Down to the dust! What grandeur can ye boast,
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,
Beyond the waste of time? Let no weak drop
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,—
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear
And elegiac song. But Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders through those endless worlds
He here so well descried, and wondering talks,
And hymns their Author, with his glad compeers.
Oh, Britain's boast! whether with angels thou
Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-bless'd
Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,

Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From LIGHT HIMSELF; oh, look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
And be her Genius call'd! her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.
For, though depraved and sunk, she brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; she points thee out
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:
While, in expectance of the second life,
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

BRITANNIA;

A Poem.

——Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.
Post mihi non simili pœnâ commissa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro:
Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum. VIRG.

As on the sea-beat shore BRITANNIA sat,
Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving sad;
Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,
That, hoarse and hollow, from the bleak surge blew;
Loose flow'd her tresses; rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep, from her majestic brow
She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay.
Nor ceased the copious grief to bathe her cheek;
Nor ceased her sobs to murmur to the main.
Peace discontented, nigh departing, stretch'd
Her dove-like wings; and War, though greatly roused,
Yet mourn'd his fetter'd hands: while thus the Queen
Of nations spoke; and what she said the Muse
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse:—
" Even not yon sail, that, from the sky-mix'd wave,
Dawns on the sight, and wafts the Royal Youth,[1]

[1] 'Royal Youth:' Frederick, Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.

A freight of future glory, to my shore;
Even not the flattering view of golden days,
And rising periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the Parents, and their endless line
Through late-revolving time, can soothe my rage,
While, unchastised, th' insulting Spaniard dares
Infest the trading flood, full of vain war
Despise my navies, and my merchants seize,
As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
The world of waters wild, made, by the toil
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine;
Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience, this weak doubt,
This tame beseeching of rejected peace,
This meek forbearance, this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before?
And sail'd my fleets for this?—on Indian tides
To float, inactive, with the veering winds,
The mockery of war! while hot disease,
And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds,
For action ardent; and amid the deep,
Inglorious, sunk them in a watery grave.
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,
Far from their friends and country, unavenged;
And back the drooping war-ship comes again,
Dispirited and thin; her sons ashamed
Thus idly to re-view their native shore;
With not one glory sparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A passenger
The violated merchant comes along;
That far-sought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew, and sweat beneath equator suns,
By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon
Would melt away, and every spoil resign,

Were once the British lion heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
In their own well-asserted element,
Dares rouse to wrath the masters of the main?
Who told him that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
In smoky ruin, and his guilty stores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unatoned, sunk in the swallowing deep,
Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?
"There was a time (oh, let my languid sons
Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the labouring surge, like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze.
Gaily the splendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As sunk the sun, o'er all the flaming vast;
Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream
Of easy conquest: while their bloated war,
Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb.
But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,
My dauntless Britons came, a gloomy few,
With tempest black, the goodly scene deform'd,
And laid their glory waste. The bolts of Fate
Resistless thunder'd through their yielding sides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blazed the lurid flame;
And, seized in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide,
Amid the mighty waters deep they sunk.
Then too from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,

The scatter'd remnants drove; on the blind shelve,
And pointed rock, that marks th' indented shore,
Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main
Howls through the fractured Caledonian isles.
"Such were the dawnings of my watery reign;
But since, how vast it grew, how absolute,
Even in those troubled times when dreadful Blake
Awed angry nations with the British name,
Let every humbled state, let Europe say,
Sustain'd and balanced, by my naval arm.
Ah! what must those immortal spirits think
Of your poor shifts?—those, for their country's good,
Who faced the blackest danger, knew no fear,
No mean submission, but commanded peace?
Ah! how with indignation must they burn!
(If aught but joy can touch ethereal breasts),
With shame! with grief! to see their feeble sons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,
For which their wisdom plann'd, their councils glow'd,
And their veins bled through many a toiling age!
"Oh, first of human blessings, and supreme!
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combined,
And unsuspicious faith; while honest Toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right
Which idle, barbarous Rapine but usurps.
Pure is thy reign, when, unaccursed by blood,
Nought save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
Trickling distils into the vernant glebe,
Instead of mangled carcasses, sad-seen,
When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field;
When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;

When the land blushes with the rose alone,
The falling fruitage, and the bleeding vine.
O Peace! thou source and soul of social life!
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Blest be the man divine who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-piled armoury returns;
And, every vigour from the work of death
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish and the city smile!
Unviolated, him the virgin sings;
And him the smiling mother to her train.
Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chants; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough
Or team he toils. With him the sailor soothes,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from street to street
And shop to shop responsive, sings of him.
Nor joys one land alone: his praise extends
Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of Peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the song.
"What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for thee?
What painful patience? what incessant care?
What mix'd anxiety? what sleepless toil?
Even from the rash protected what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendship he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, sometimes the more

Inevitable war, when ruffian Force
Awakes the fury of an injured state.
Even the good patient man whom Reason rules,
Roused by bold insult and injurious rage,
With sharp and sudden check th' astonish'd sons
Of Violence confounds; firm as his cause,
His bolder heart; in awful justice clad;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire:
And, as he charges through the prostrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithless men no more
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.
"And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you more
Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep
The least beginning injury receives?
What better cause can call your lightning forth,
Your thunder wake, your dearest life demand?
What better cause, than when your country sees
The sly destruction at her vitals aim'd?
For, oh! it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force
And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch,
Even with a hand severe, and jealous eye.
In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;
But on the sea be terrible, untamed,
Unconquerable still; let none escape
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man, into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?
And is a Briton seized? and seized beneath
The slumbering terrors of a British fleet?
Then ardent rise! oh, great in vengeance rise!
O'erturn the proud, teach Rapine to restore:
And, as you ride sublimely round the world,

Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory ; this your wisdom ; this
The native power for which you were design'd
By Fate, when Fate design'd the firmest state
That e'er was seated on the subject sea ;
A state alone where Liberty should live,
In these late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage are no more,
The world almost in slavish sloth dissolved.
For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown ;
For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot
Strong into sturdy growth ; for this, your hearts
Swell with a sullen courage, growing still
As danger grows ; and strength and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,
Undangerous to the Public, ever prompt,
By lavish Nature thrust into your hand :
And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell
Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
Where'er the wind your high behests can blow ;
And fix it deep on this eternal base.
For, should the sliding fabric once give way,
Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulf,
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And should the big redundant flood of trade,
In which ten thousand thousand labours join
Their several currents, till the boundless tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land,—
Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point

Its course another way,—o'er other lands
The various treasure would resistless pour,
Ne'er to be won again; its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, desolate and dead,
With all around a miserable waste.
Not Egypt, were her better heaven, the Nile,
Turn'd in the pride of flow, when o'er his rocks
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy vision piled, in one wide flash
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain;
(Whence wondering Fable traced him from the sky),—
Even not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd
On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Sterile and void, than, of her trade deprived,
Britons, your boasted isle;—her princes sunk;
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust;
Unnerved her force; her spirit vanish'd quite;
With rapid wing her riches fled away;
Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
Of what she was; her merchants scatter'd wide;
Her hollow shops shut up; and in her streets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
The cheerful voice of Labour heard no more.
" Oh, let not then waste Luxury impair
That manly soul of toil which strings your nerves,
And your own proper happiness creates!
Oh, let not the soft, penetrating plague
Creep on the free-born mind; and, working there,
With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart
Of Liberty; the high conception blast;
The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn

Of base subjection, and the swelling wish
For general good, erazing from the mind:
While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,
And low design, the sneaking passions all
Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast.
Induced at last by scarce-perceived degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government
And life, a total dissolution comes;—
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear;
Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes;
The human being almost quite extinct;
And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.
Oh, shun that gulf! that gaping ruin shun!
And countless ages roll it far away
From you, ye Heaven-beloved! May Liberty,
The light of life! the sun of human-kind!
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
Even where the keen depressive North descends,
Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers,
While slavish southern climates beam in vain!
And may a public spirit from the throne,
Where every virtue sits, go copious forth,
Live o'er the land, the finer Arts inspire,
Make thoughtful Science raise her pensive head,
Blow the fresh bay, bid Industry rejoice,
And the rough sons of lowest Labour smile:
As when, profuse of spring, the loosen'd West
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.
"But haste we from these melancholy shores,
Nor to deaf winds and waves our fruitless plaint
Pour weak; the country claims our active aid;
That let us roam, and, where we find a spark
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.

Lo! now my sons, the sons of Freedom! meet
In awful senate; thither let us fly,
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearless truth; myself, transform'd, preside,
And shed the spirit of BRITANNIA round."
  This said, her fleeting form and airy train
Sunk in the gale; and nought but ragged rocks
Rush'd on the broken eye; and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

To the Memory of

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD TALBOT,

LATE CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN;

ADDRESSED TO HIS SON.

WHILE, with the public, you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father lost; permit the Muse,—
The Muse assign'd of old a double theme:
To praise dead worth and humble living pride,
Whose generous task begins where interest ends;—
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
This cordial verse sincere, by Truth inspired,
Which means not to bestow, but borrow, fame.
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—
Unhappy that she may!—But where begin?
How from the diamond single out each ray,
Where all, though trembling with ten thousand hues,
Effuse one dazzling undivided light?
  Let the low-minded of these narrow days
No more presume to deem the lofty tale
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In Talbot, we united saw
The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd soul,
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome.
  Eternal Wisdom, that all-quickening Sun,

Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
Directing light and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm,
Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,
With instantaneous view, the truth of things;
Chief what to human life and human bliss
Pertains,—that noblest science, fit for man:
And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and Vice,
In consort foul, agree, each heightening each;
While Virtue draws from Knowledge brighter fire.
What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
What talent, or what virtue, was not his?
What that can render man or great or good,
Give useful worth or amiable grace?
Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
In soft retirement, indolently pleased
With selfish peace. The Siren of the wise
(Who steals th' Aönian song, and, in the shape
Of Virtue, woos them from a worthless world),
Though deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm
As silent night, yet active as the day.
The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Press to usurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it Virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of sneaking Interest or luxurious Vice,
The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour through the soul,
Than those that, mingled with our truest good,
With present honour and immortal fame,
Involve the good of all? An empty form

Is the weak Virtue that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amused,
While Wickedness and Folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action, that disdain'd
To lose in death-like sloth one pulse of life
That might be saved; disdain'd, for coward Ease
And her insipid pleasures, to resign
The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,
And those high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die.
Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the Spring
Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs:
While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste
Of ruffian storms and Winter's lawless rage.
In him Astræa to this dim abode
Of ever-wandering men return'd again:
To bless them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, sought the good
Of human-kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots, when they model states:
Anxious for *that*, nor needful sleep could hold
His still awaken'd soul; nor friends had charms
To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led,
He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill,
Where, raised above black Envy's darkening clouds,
Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.
Be named, victorious ravagers, no more!

Vanish, ye human comets! shrink your blaze!
Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
As, o'er the gazing, desolated earth,
You scatter famine, pestilence, and war;
Vanish before this vernal sun of fame!
Effulgent sweetness! beaming life and joy!
How the heart listen'd while he, pleading, spoke!
While on th' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
Ah! when, ye studious of the laws, again
Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?
When shall again the darkest truths, perplex'd,
Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh
And arduous open into smiling ease?
The solid mix with elegant delight?
His was the talent, with the purest light
At once to pour conviction on the soul,
And warm with lawful flame th' impassion'd heart.
That dangerous gift with him was safely lodged
By Heaven: He, sacred to his country's cause,
To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,
To the lone widow's and her orphans' woes,
Reserved the mighty charm. With equal brow,
Despising then the smiles or frowns of Power,
He all that noblest eloquence effused,
Which generous Passion, taught by Reason, breathes:
Then spoke the man: and over barren Art
Prevail'd abundant Nature. Freedom then
His client was, Humanity, and Truth.
Placed on the seat of justice, there he reign'd,
In a superior sphere of cloudless day,
A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
No dark emotion, no intemperate heat,

No passion, e'er disturb'd the clear serene
That round him spread. A zeal for right alone,
The love of justice, like the steady sun,
Its equal ardour lent; and sometimes, raised
Against the sons of violence, of pride,
And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd.
As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth;
Yet with progressive patience, step by step,
Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,
He through the maze of falsehood traced it on,
Till, at the last, evolved, it full appear'd,
And even the loser own'd the just decree.
  But when in senates he, to Freedom firm,
Enlighten'd Freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
His various learning, his wide knowledge then,
His insight deep into Britannia's weal,
Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
And the plain patriot smoothed the brow of Law.
No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words
Fell on the cheated ear; no studied maze
Of declamation, to perplex the right,
He, darkening, threw around: safe in itself,
In its own force, all-powerful Reason spoke;
While on the great, the ruling point, at once,
He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear debate.
Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart,
Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence *unbid*,
The heart attends: for let the *venal* try
Their every hardening, stupifying art,
Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
And Nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.
  Behold him in the councils of his prince.

What faithful light he lends! How rare, in courts,
Such wisdom! such abilities! and join'd
To virtue so determined, public zeal,
And honour of such adamantine proof,
As even Corruption, hopeless, and o'er-awed,
Durst not have *tempted!* Yet, of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to please,
Nobly to please; while equally he scorn'd
Or adulation to receive or give.
Happy the state where wakes a ruling eye
Of such inspection keen and general care!
Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,
Toil may resign his careless head to rest,
And ever-jealous Freedom sleep in peace.
Ah! lost untimely! lost in downward days!
And many a patriot counsel with him lost!
Counsels that might have humbled Britain's foe,—
Her native foe, from eldest time by Fate
Appointed,—as did once a Talbot's arms.
  Let learning, arts, let universal worth,
Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.
Unlike the sons of vanity, that, veil'd
Beneath the patron's prostituted name,
Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.
When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
And to the great all-bounteous Source of Good.
His sympathizing heart itself received
The generous obligation he bestow'd.
This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
Their kind protector him the Muses own,
But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid
Of tasteless Vanity's insulting hand.

The gracious stream, that cheers the letter'd world,
Is not the noisy gift of Summer's noon,
Whose sudden current, from the naked root,
Washes the little soil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the blushing flowers:
No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,
The silent treasures of the vernal year,
Indulging deep their stores, the still night long;
Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world
Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.
  Still let me view him in the pleasing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.
There with that truest greatness he appear'd,
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
In the soft graces of the friendly scene,
Inspiring social confidence and ease.
As free the converse of the wise and good,
As joyous, disentangling every power,
And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
As when, amid the various-blossom'd Spring,
Or gentle-beaming Autumn's pensive shade,
The philosophic mind with Nature talks.
Say ye, his sons, his dear remains, with whom
The father laid superfluous state aside,
Yet raised your filial duty thence the more,
With friendship raised it, with esteem, with love
Beyond the ties of blood,—oh! speak the joy,
The pure serene, the cheerful wisdom mild,
The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,
In semblance of amusement, through the breast
Infused! And thou, O Rundle![1] lend thy strain,
Thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul!

[1] Dr Rundle, late Bishop of Derry, in Ireland.

In whom the head and heart their stores unite;
Whatever Fancy paints, Invention pours,
Judgment digests, the well-tuned bosom feels,
Truth, natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The Virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.
Lend me the plaint which to the lonely main,
With Memory conversing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,
Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,
And mid their ample round receive the waves,
That, from the frozen pole resounding, rush
Impetuous. Though from native sunshine driven,
Driven from your friends, the sunshine of the soul,
By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth; yet will you bless your lot,
Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,
Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
Nursed, by experience, into slow esteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the sweet light from mingled minds disclosed,
From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire.
  I too remember well that cheerful bowl
Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;
Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth;
And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
Not simple Nature's unaffected sons,
The blameless Indians, round their forest-cheer,
In sunny lawn or shady covert set,
Hold more unspotted converse: nor, of old,
Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,
As on the product of their Sabine farms
They fared, with stricter virtue fed the soul:

Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
Where Socrates presided, fairer truth,
More elegant humanity, more grace,
Wit more refined, or deeper science reign'd.
  But far beyond the little vulgar bounds
Of family, or friends, or native land,
By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
Extended his benevolence: a friend
To human-kind, to parent Nature's works.
Of free access, and of engaging grace,
Such as a brother to a brother owes,
He kept an open judging ear for all,
And spread an open countenance, where smiled
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray, his ready goodness shone:
For *nothing human foreign was to him.*
  Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
And hard to be supported, you succeed:
But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will, through latest time, enrich your race,
When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust,
And with their authors in oblivion sunk
Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft
Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.
True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind, through every land and age,
Of universal Reason's various sons,
And even of God himself, sole perfect Judge!
Yet know, these noblest honours of the mind
On rigid terms descend: the high-placed heir,
Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
Malignant seeks out faults, cannot through life,
Amid the nameless insects of a court,

Unheeded steal; but, with his sire compared,
He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear
A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muse
May safely sing, and sing without reserve.
  Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,
Our country robb'd of her delight and strength,
We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy,
That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,
And feel them still, teaching our views to rise
Through ever-brightening scenes of future worlds.
Be dumb, ye worst of zealots! ye that, prone
To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,
Whence every joy below its spirit draws,
And every pain its balm: a Talbot's light,
A Talbot's virtues, claim another source
Than the blind maze of undesigning blood;
Nor, when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid stream.
  Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country, whence, to bless mankind,
Eternal Goodness on this darksome spot
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approved
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
And to th' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory and in bliss,
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,
With joyful pride, Britannia's blameless boast.
Ah! who is he that with a fonder eye
Meets thine enraptured?—'Tis the best of sons!
The best of friends!—Too soon is realized

That hope which once forbade thy tears to flow!
Meanwhile the kindred souls of every land
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and error), mingled now
In one selected, never-jarring state,
Where God himself their only Monarch reigns,
Partake the joy; yet, such the sense that still
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear.
But cease, presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive
To quit this cloudy sphere that binds thee down:
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes,
Scenes that our gross ideas grovelling cast
Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb.
  Forgive, immortal shade! if aught from earth,
From dust, low-warbled, to those groves can rise
Where flows celestial harmony, forgive
This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,
On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves
Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widow's sighs,
And orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The sons of justice and the sons of strife,
All who or freedom or who interest prize,
A deep-divided nation's parties all,
Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to Heaven.
Glad Heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres
With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute, then! this lowly lay!
Yet nought is vain which Gratitude inspires.
The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves
To Virtue, to her country, to mankind,
To ruling Nature, that, in glorious charge,
As to her priestess, gives it her, to hymn
Whatever good and excellent she forms.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE LATTER PART OF THE SIXTH CHAPTER OF ST MATTHEW.

When my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
Rapture deep-felt His doctrine did impart,
And thus He raised from earth the drooping heart:
"Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears;
'What farther shall this feeble life sustain?
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again?
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed,
And the fair body its investing weed?
"Behold, and look away your low despair!
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet your kind Heavenly Father bends His eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.

To Him they sing, when Spring renews the plain ;
To Him they cry, in Winter's pinching reign ;
Nor is their music, nor their plaint, in vain :
He hears the gay, and the distressful, call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
" Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race :
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow ;
Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they glow !
What regal vestments can with them compare ?
What king so shining ? or what queen so fair ?
" If ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven He feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes He spreads ;
Will He not care for you, ye faithless ? say !
Is He unwise ? or are ye less than they ? "

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

Hail, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good ;
But from whose holy, piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly !
Oh, how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts !
A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now, wrapp'd in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem ;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.

A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain:
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hertford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee),
Amid the long-withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rivall'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of Morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And, while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat:
But chief, when evening-scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell,
And in thy deep recesses dwell!
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

TO THE REV. MR MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADDISHALL IN SUFFOLK. MDCCXXXVIII.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou canst not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss is only for a higher state.

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY.[1]

HERE, STANLEY, rest! escaped this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes, of life!
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing, tear!

[1] 'Miss Stanley:' see 'Summer.'

Oh, born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm!
To show us Virtue in her fairest form;
To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient Passions knowing each their part;
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey;
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tired with vain life, will close the willing eye:
'Tis the great birthright of mankind *to die!*
Bless'd be the bark that wafts us to the shore,
Where death-divided friends shall part no more!
To join thee there,—here with thy dust repose,—
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

ON THE DEATH OF MR AIKMAN,[1]

A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

[1] 'Mr Aikman:' a painter of the period. He died in 1731.

SONG.

ONE day the god of fond desire,
On mischief bent, to Damon said,
" Why not disclose your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?"

The shepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
And, softly sighing, thus replied:
" 'Tis true, you have subdued my heart,
But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

" The slave in private only bears
Your bondage, who his love conceals;
But when his passion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels."

SONG.

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower:

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the freshening fields appear:
Without my love there is no Spring.

SONG.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
  Yet dares not tell his trembling pain
But to the sympathetic groves,
  But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh, when she blesses next your shade;
  Oh, when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracks along the mead,
  In fresher mazes o'er the green;

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
  To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
  And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh, tell her what she cannot blame,
  Though fear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
  Is as her spotless soul refined.

Not her own guardian-angel eyes
  With chaster tenderness his care;
Not purer her own wishes rise,
  Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
  Should start at Love's suspected name,
With that of Friendship soothe her ear—
  True Love and Friendship are the same.

SONG.

Come, gentle god of soft desire,
  Come and possess my happy breast!
Not, Fury-like, in flames and fire,
  Or frantic Folly's wildness dress'd.

But come in Friendship's angel-guise:
  Yet dearer thou than Friendship art;
More tender spirit in thy eyes,
  More sweet emotions at thy heart.

Oh, come! with Goodness in thy train;
  With peace and pleasure, void of storm;
And, wouldst thou me for ever gain,
  Put on Amanda's winning form.

SONG.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to Love;
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part;

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the *life* of life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

ODE TO SERAPHINA.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the false, illusive light,
Whose flattering, unauspicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays:
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,
Is like the sacred Queen of Night,
Who pours a lovely, gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,
Conducting them to peace and rest.
A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd:
But Seraphina's eyes dispense
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in visions angels shed
Around the heaven-illumined head.
To love thee, Seraphina, sure,
Is to be tender, happy, pure;

'Tis from low passions to escape,
And woo bright Virtue's fairest shape;
'Tis ecstasy with wisdom join'd,
And heaven infused into the mind.

ODE.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled?
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe,
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hoverest round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh, visit thou my soothing dream!